NGLAND!
SALE
tmil Business.

MPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.
TMENT OF
SEEDS.
ed from other Manufac.
mh4 13t

PAINT?
COMPANY'S
T.
tly prime White Lead, Zinc and
in the world, and is also MIXR
IUMS at twenty of the State Fairs
country.

PAINT CO.,
ET, NEW YORK.

AND WASH BENCH, Fu-
niture that has ever been in use.
ure, $4.50. All dealers keep it.—
376 Broadway, Boston.

FORNIA.
NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY
anagement the Great Trunk Rail-
EST and NORTHWEST,
branches and connections, forms
best route between CHICAGO and
014, WISCONSIN, NORTHERN
OTA, IOWA, NEBRASKA, CAL-
STERN TERRITORIES. Its
d Californin Line
t route for all points in NORTH
A, DAKOTA, NEBRASKA, WY
UTAH, NEVADA, CALIFORNIA
IPAN and AUSTRALIA. Its
lison & St. Paul Line
ORTHERN WISCONSIN and MIN-
SOTA, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPO-
points in the Great Northwest. Its
nd St. Peter Line
WINONA, ROCHESTER, OWA-
ST. PETER, NEW ULM, and all
Central Minnesota. Its
nd Marquette Line
JANESVILLE, WATERTOWN,
HKOSH, APPLETON, GREEN
NEAUNEE, MARQUETTE,
OCK and the LAKE SUPERIOR
nd Dubuque Line
LGIN, ROCKFORD, FREEPORT,
port. Its
il Milwaukee Line
Route, and is the only one passing
LAKE FOREST, HIGHLAND
RACINE, KENOSHA to MIL-
n Palace Cars
trains of this road.
INE running these cars between
Chicago and Milwaukee, or Chica-
epers connect with the Overland
n Pacific Railroad, for all points
ver.
he trains from the East or South,
Mississippi River and Kansas
Railroad leave
uffs, Omaha, and Californ
trains daily, with Pullman Palace
Sleeping Cars through to Council
l and Minneapolis—Two
with Pullman Palace Cars attached
y and Lake Superior—Two
lman Palace Cars attached, and
ngueTte.
—Four through trains daily
Parlor Chair Cars on day
Winona and points in Minne-
s daily, with Pullman Sleepers to
via Freeport—Two through trains
ars on night trains.
and La Crosse, via Clinton
daily with Pullman Cars on night
y and Yankton—Two trains
o Missouri Valley Junction.
va—Four trains daily.
d, Sterling, Kenosha,
other points, you can have from
No. 415 Broadway; Boston Office,
naha Office, 253 Fareham Street;
121 Montgomery Street; Chicago
8 Street, under Sherman House;
ison Streets; Kinzie Street Depot,
Canal Streets; Wells Street De-
Kinzie Streets.
tion not attainable from your home
MARVIN HUGHITT,
ag't. General Sup't, Chicago.
EO. L. HARRISON,
l Agent, No. 5 State St., Boston.

SEVEN INCHES LONG.
ech Loading
& Targets.
ball with accu-
hout powder or
barrel, hair trigger. For sale
free for 75 cents, with per-
n for target practice indoors,
t of doors.
'S WANTED.
M, 67 Liberty Street, New York.

ETTE SMITH'S
NTHLY
of Fashion,"
POLITE LITERATURE.
Copies 25 Cents.
hree Dollars a year, post-
a premium of "Two Dollars"
to each subscriber.
ATES for this amount upon re-
Centennial Offer" below
an interest in our "World of

449
ITED ELEVATOR.
ver Part of the Skirt
ed to the "Elevator"
ver skirt when the
then let it fall. It
with. It Loops in
oor. It draws all the

It SAVES more than TEN TIMES its cost from One Dress to another. A SAVING, when used in the COMMON rice 45 cents each.
ers with Cloth Model com-
ss Elevator, will be sent, post
to any person who will send
with their name and address to A-
ITH, 914 Broadway, New
rated Pattern Bazaar.
nts. Subscription Price, $1.10 a
Dollar's worth of Patterns given
ne as premium.
NTENNIAL OFFER!
will try to get up a Club for our
ably "WORLD OF FASH-
a yearly subscriber to it, and will
remium, fi they will inclose
he 5th of March next NOW
e finest Magazine in this country
CLUB TOO. You will find no
a Club after you get your first
SEND AT ONCE.
to Agents who will make a regular
g for either of our Magazines. Ad-
r Fashion Catalogue.
DETTE SMITH,
Y, NEW YORK CITY.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XXXV::::NO. 32. BOSTON. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1876. WHOLE NUMBER 1800.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING,"

No. 45 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St.,)

[Opposite the New Post Office,]

BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies Six Cents.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large, and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square, of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. ☞ A liberal discount made on large orders.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.

2. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud.

☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 20 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

MAY ON THE FARM.

There is something peculiarly charming in this joyous month. It has been the theme of song and the praise of poets more than any other month in the calendar. As early as the 12th century, in 1170, one of the German minnie singers opened a strain with

May, sweet May, again is come—
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity!
Hill and dale are May's own treasures;
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

And *in our own time*, not only the children of song in England, but in our own country, have felt the inspiration which this season brings along with it. Milton, in his Song of the May Morning, says:

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

And our own Percival, too little read and appreciated by our matter-of-fact people, thus says:

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away,
Beneath the sky of May.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods,
With the light dallying of the west wind play,
And the full brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

And this enthusiasm is only natural. It is felt not by the poets alone, but by every one who rejoices in the delights of country life. It is the expression of a sensibility to that natural beauty with which the earth has been clothed, as with a magnificent garment, by her Almighty Creator.

At this season vegetation is pushing forward with the greatest activity. The warmth of the sun and the moisture of the earth start every vegetable germ into life. It is a pleasure to see things grow and expand in the opening springtime, and all animated nature seems to participate in this feeling of pleasure. We see it everywhere, even in the domestic animals of the farm. The "slow moulded" cow even plays new antics on the return to the pasture, and it would be strange indeed if man were more insensible than the beasts of the field.

There is work, to be sure, at this season, for the whole prospect of the year will turn very much upon the faithfulness with which we fill up the time now. We shall reap in the fall very much such a crop as we sow in the spring, that is, if we take sufficient pains to get pure seed, and tnere is the rub. It would be a good plan to test every variety of seed that we buy, and study its condition, its vitality, for its value will depend on its vitality. Many a farmer has bought grass seed and paid a high price for it, and when the time came to judge of the result, simply finds that he did not get a good "catch." The fault is laid to the season or to the condition of the land, when the plain cause was the utter worthlessness of the seed. Old seed, left over from last year or the year before was mixed in, and a very large percentage of it had lost its germinative power. Take special pains to get good seed, therefore, by buying only of first class and honorable dealers, and if it is possible to buy that that was raised in the neighborhood and the quality of which is really known, better give double the price for it, than to depend on seed the history of which is not known.

We had hoped that the agricultural college would be prepared to furnish certain kinds of seed to the farmer at a reasonable cost. We have always maintained that the college farm could do a good thing for itself and at the same time prove a blessing to the community, by raising and selling pure seed of various kinds. But as yet it has not come to that, as it will probably at some future time. Meantime, let farmers make their plans to raise their own seed so far as they can. It is often a nuisance to be sure, but is about the only security we can have against imposition and disappointment and loss of crops.

Potatoes ought to be planted immediately if they are not already in the ground. Early planting is the rule for them. Mangolds ought to be in the ground, that is, the seed ought to be, about the 10th, or before the middle of the month. Most of the garden seeds should be sown now, and such as were sown in April may be sown now for a succession. Nothing like keeping up a supply of fresh vegetables for the table. It is not too late to set out fruit trees. The main point in successful transplanting is to take extreme care of the roots, not exposing them to the hot sun or to the drying wind. Exposure to the air in the shade is almost as bad as to a scorching sun. When taken out of the ground if they are not to be set out immediately, wrap the roots in wet moss, old matting or something of the kind at once. It is a good plan to shorten in the heads a little when they are taken up.

We must preserve the balance between the roots and the branches. Do not water trees newly set out, if the leaves have not expanded. Excessive watering often does more harm than good. The stems may be wet, or the roots may be dipped in water before throwing the earth over them, but pouring water upon them by the bucketful is all wrong. Till the leaves expand the only evaporation is from the bark.

Do not let the weeds get the start in the garden or the field. When quite small, less than an inch high, they can be destroyed with only a tenth part of the labor that will be required when they grow to a foot high, to say nothing of the less injury to other plants. Begin early, therefore, and keep the surface perfectly clear of them all through the season. The currant, gooseberry and raspberry bushes ought to be kept clear, nor should the strawberries be forgotten. Towards the end of the month mulch young trees that have been set out this spring. Old straw, cut grass, coarse manure, tan or saw dust around a tree serves to keep the ground moist. Make the mulching thick enough to keep the weeds from growing.

Evergreens may be set out this month. Any time before much growth is made will do. In transplanting evergreens always take up some earth with the roots. Thin out fruit on over bearing trees at the end of the month. Keep down insects.

THE CURRANT.

We are surprised every year to notice the neglect, which is so common as to be almost universal among farmers, of the healthful and beautiful currant. In a vast number of cases the bushes, if there are any, are entirely neglected and choked up with grass. The consequence is small, and inferior fruit, which if properly cultivated, would be better worth picking.

The fact is, the currant is not only one of the hardiest, but one of the most certain and persistent bearers of all our fruits. If the currant worm is kept a bay, which is a thing not very difficult to accomplish, the currant crop is as certain as anything can be, as a general rule. It is not generally known, or if it is, it does not appear to be realized that good cultivation and judicious pruning will, in most cases, more than double the size of the crop, the size of the fruit, we mean, while the aggregate yield will be proportionately larger.

As to pruning, the old bushes should have all the dead or stunted wood cut out and only thrifty shoots left at proper distances from each other. Some old manure should be spaded in around the roots, and the soil should be kept clean, well cultivated and mellow. Of course this work should have been attended to last month, or before the leaves had begun to start. If it was neglected then, it is better to do it now then to let it go undone.

We have many varieties of excellent currants, but we have not exactly what we ought to have. We need one that has the size and beauty of the cherry currant, but less acid and richer in flavor. The cherry is a noble fruit, but the amount of sugar it requires to make it palatable is a source of joy to the sugar refiners. But even a poor currant is better than none, and we hope every farmer will go to work and get up a fine lot of bushes. This fruit is one of the most healthful we have, and it ought to receive the most kindly attention.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK FOWL.

Among fanciers, and, in fact, practical farmers, no breed of poultry is attracting so much attention just now and causing so much discussion as the "Plymouth Rock" fowl. The poultry journals are filled with editorials and essays written in a high laudatory key on the merits of this breed, and it almost seems as if we have not heretofore known how perfect a fowl we might be able to produce. Among the essentials requisite in a good and profitable breed of poultry in this country are the following:

Hardiness; early maturity and the development of a large and full breast, thus affording an abundance of "white meat" as a table fowl; good laying qualities, and good setting and motherly instincts in the female bird.

In respect to hardiness the "Plymouth Rocks" are almost unequalled; they are early fledgers, the chicks being full feathered when Brahma chicks hatched in the same brood are running about almost naked. This trait in the "Plymouth Rocks" places them among the most desirable breeds for early hatchings.

The greatest profit in poultry-raising comes from the birds that are large and heavy enough for "broilers" by the latter part of June; early-hatched chickens of the ordinary kinds receive many checks and pull-backs from exposure to inclement weather and cold storms; breeds having a large infusion of Asiatic blood are especially liable to these mishaps because of their callowness, their nakedness between the down and feather periods. We have known of many instances of whole broods of well-grown Brahma chickens receiving chills in many storms, and dying, when, had they a coating of feathers heavy enough to repel the rain and cold, they would have suffered no serious mishap.

The "Plymouth Rock" chick feathers at a very early stage of its existence, and, while its more tender and less lucky neighbors are suffering from cold and dampness, it runs about in quite severe weather bright and active, and suffers nothing from a cold, late spring.

The matured "Plymouth Rock" fowl is unequalled for hardiness; it is thickly feathered, closely built, has no great amount of comb and wattles to be frozen, and altogether is a model New England fowl. As regards early maturity, we think it is generally admitted that no breed of fowls can put on as much meat when young in a given time as the "Plymouth Rocks." It is astonishing to see what full-bodied, heavy birds they are, and when they are compared with the scrawny, lank Asiatics of their own age, they appear to the very best advantage.

Probably no other breed except the Dorking has so much breast meat, and this characteristic places it at the head of our poultry for early hatchings, the Dorking being thrown out on account of its non-adaptability to our seasons and climate.

We know of a flock of "Plymouth Rocks" of last season's hatching, which, bird for bird, are fully as heavy as Brahmas of the same age; they are not so large, but they are astonishingly compact and solid.

As for the laying qualities of this breed, we believe that they are not so marked as those of the Leghorn and some few other non-sitters. Probably, taking the year through, the "Plymouth Rock" fowl will lay more eggs than any of the so-called Asiatic breeds. The eggs are not quite as large, but are better flavored. We know of one flock of twelve "Plymouth Rock" hens that are averaging at this season ten eggs a day. This is about all we can ask of any breed.

As regards the setting proclivities of the breed, we think they are not fully developed; at any rate the hens display less earnestness in the matter than do the Asiatics, and we judge that as sitters they will average of about the same habits as the Dorking.

We are interested in the better development of our poultry interests, and believe that as a source of profit and advantage to our farmers, the introduction of the "Plymouth Rocks" is desirable. The breed is found to possess every desirable quality which goes to make up the profitable fowl, and we hope that practical men will turn their attention to its general diffusion among the poultry-breeders and farmers.

CATERPILLARS AND CANKER-WORMS.

As the warm weather comes on, the insects will rapidly increase and if not looked after will do vast injury to fruit trees and to the crop of apples, pears, currants and other fruits. They must be headed off so far as lays in our power. As for caterpillars, they not only injure the trees, but constitute one of the greatest eyesores on the farm. A tree all covered with the nests of the web caterpillar is highly suggestive of shiftlessness. Fortunately they may be easily seen even before the foliage has got to be very thick. It is an easy matter to fix a swab on the end of a pole, dip it in gas tar and go at them. Gas tar kills every one instantly when it touches him. The swab need not touch him. Whale oil soap is good also, and so is a thin lime wash. And a simple bush is not a bad thing to have. With a scientific twist it will destroy the nest and the inmates are left for a time homeless, to say the least.

It is rather late to attack the cankerworm with any prospect of success. The time to take her was when she was trying to ascend the tree. If she has got up, the only way is to grin and bear it till next fall.

Soft soap is good to apply to the trunks of apple trees. It helps destroy the eggs of the borer. But after the fellow has made its hole, it is necessary to hunt him up and give him a sharp punch with a wire or some other sharp and flexible instrument. Towards the end of this month, the curculio will begin to show his work on the plum trees. One way to head him off for the future, is to collect all the young fruit as it falls and burn it, or otherwise get it out of the way. This destroys the larvæ. Another way is to turn in the pigs or the hens and let them take care of the little Turk. Jarring the trees will knock down a great many and if they fall on a sheet they can easily be consigned to the flames.

On the whole, it is best to adopt the plan of actually killing most kinds of insects. They are not easily scared, and death is good enough for them.

The Sheepfold.

HOW TO SELECT SHEEP.

The New York *Herald* says: The finest and softest wool is always found on the shoulder of a sheep. But not one person in ten thousand is aware of this fact. Let us watch an expert when he is about to pass judgment on a sheep, concerning the value of the animal for producing wool, and it will be seen that he always looks at the wool on the shoulder first. A writer of extensive experience in rearing fine wooled sheep and in handling wool, communicates the following suggestion for selecting a good wooled sheep:

Always assuming that the wool to be inspected is really a fine wool, we first examine the shoulder at the part where the finest and best wool is usually found. This we take as the standard, and compare it with wool from ribs, the thigh, the rump and the shoulder parts, and the nearer the wool from these various portions of the animal approaches the standard, the better. First we scrutinize the fineness, and, if the result is satisfactory, we pronounce the fleece in respect of fineness very even. Next we inquire into the length of the staple, and, if we find that the wool generally approaches the standard, we again declare the sheep, as regards length of taples, true and even. We next desire to test the density of the fleece; and, if we do this by closing the hand upon a portion of the loin wool, the fleece at these points being usually the thinest and faulty, and, if this again gives satisfaction, we signify the fact by designating the wool even as to density. All these points being considered and found to approximate the standard, you may conclude that you have a nearly perfect sheep for producing valuable wool. Selecting sheep for valuable feeders is quite another thing.

Non-Producers.—The revival business caused by our late war, and the unwonted rise in values, have called into the field a numerous class of non-producers, who hoped to amass fortunes by their simple wits. The few who became suddenly rich by speculations stimulated the desire in many to imitate their example. Hence, we see at the present time multitudes who have no productive employment—no legitimate trade.

Of this class are many drawn from legitimate labor in the rural districts, who have left slow but sure gains for speculative uncertainities of trade; such now are seen around the great marts of business like singed moth around the blaze of an evening torch.

This class, in too many cases, are only verifications of the truth that "they that would be rich fall into divers temptations." With incuessed expenditures for living, and an incressed desire to keep up appearances, such have been compelled to resort to shifts turns which, to say the least, are of doubtful right. Winslow and Pond are only visible manifestations of a large class whose lack of opportunities have made them less conspicuous. The plethora of unproductive occupations in our large cities is telling on business morals. Too much sharp dealing and too little honest labor is an evil which is fast maturing its fruits. Living on the advantage taken of the ignorance or confidence of others is fatal to business morals.

What we need is r return of a large class of mere schemers to the rural occupations of the country, and a check upon the influx of young men from the farms and workshops to our cities. The present depression is doing something in this direction. Let the facts of success in city trade be knewn, and the ingress of young men from the farm would be still less.—*Transcript.*

Questions & Answers.

THE STRIPPINGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please give me your opinion through the *Ploughman* of churning strippings, instead of setting the whole of the milk and skimming? Is it a good plan to scald the milk through the summer, if kept in a very cool place? Also does it have the same effect on the cream, if it churns hard, to pour boiling water in it, than it does to heat it in any other way? IGNORANT.

Bristol, Me., April 24th, 1876.

The strippings are undoubtedly richeir in butter than the earlier part of the milking. The strippings, in fact, are almost cream of themselves and make the choicest quality of butter. Some butter makers think it pays to keep them separate and churn them by themselves, but it is attended with considerable extra trouble, and as a matter of fact we do not believe it would pay, as a general rule of practice. It is some interruption to the milking, to say nothing of the work in keeping in separate vessels and churning separately.

We should prefer to keep the milk at the proper temperature and not in "a very cool place" in summer. If necessity compels the use of such a place and the temperature of the cream is below 56 degrees, it is better of course to raise it, but that may be easily done in summer without scalding, by placing it in a boiler of hot or warm water till it is brought to the exact temperature, say to sixty degrees. If exposed to the ordinary temperature of the air in summer, it will soon come up to the required temperature without the trouble of setting it into warm water, but this will take perhaps, a little longer. The chief objection to beginning the churning with the cream at too low a temperature is the time and trouble but with the proper degree, there is no danger of difficulty in this direction. Mr. Horsfall, one of the most successful dairymen in England, finding his butter coming soft, lowered the cream, the night before he was to churn, down into a well where the temperature was 43 degrees, that of the surface being at 70 degrees. In the morning on taking it up, it was churned immediately, and it required about as long as in winter, but the butter came of a hard texture and as firm as in winter.

We think heating, as we have indicated better than adding boiling water to the cream, though the main point is the temperature and it is of less consequence how it is brought about.—[ED.

The Poultry Interest.

Raising Early Chickens.—Some skill and experience is required to make this business successful. Warm, dry coops must be furnished, and these should be set in sunny, sheltered places. The hen should be confined to the coop, while the chick may be allowed their liberty to run about. The little things need to be fed several times during the day, but no more at once than they will clean up. If a person wishes to push his chickens, they should be fed at least once a day on hard boiled egg, broken up small enough for the chick to swallow. Their other food may be bread moistened with milk, or mush made of corn or oat meal. At ten days to two weeks old they may be allowed a little wheat or cracked corn.

Whatever young chickens are fed upon, it should not be given very wet; a moderate dampening is all that should be allowed. They do not like their feed so wet as to be sticky, and it is not so good for them when given in this condition. They may be allowed milk with a small quantity of bran or meal stirred into it for drink and food, but no such slops must be substituted to the exclusion of pure clean water at least three times a day.

Chickens thus furnished with warm, dry coops, properly and regularly fed and sheltered from storms and wind will grow and thrive well even if the weather be cold.

Value of Poultry Manure.—Fifty fowls will make, in the roosting house alone, one-half ton per annum of the best manure in the world, or more than enough to manure an acre of land. 700 lbs of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure is known to be still richer in ammonia and fertilising salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way; and the figures will demand careful attention from the farmer.—*Prairs Farmer.*

The Farm.

OBJECT OF FARMING.—The object of farming is profit. Whatever does not conduce to this is of no account; and the art of agriculture resolves it into the one question what will pay best? The experience of a single individual upon a single farm is not sufficient to settle the principles or practice. There are no two farms precisely alike, and what would be a good system to practice upon one, might be exceedingly bad upon another; therefore we cannot take the experience of a single individual upon a single farm, but the safe guide is the united experience of all who have been intelligent observers. Thus the *Prairie Farmer*, in a very concise way, presents the subject which should engage the careful intelligent consideration of every farmer; for unless farmers take all the experience gathered by themselves and others, and then study to apply it to the peculiarities of their respective farms, all noted and well considered, their farming will not pay. This study and understanding, and intelligent, systematic work is what is needed to make farming profitable.—*Ex.*

☞ The *Practical Farmer* says that clapboards are often split by driving large nails into the board that has just been put on, sometimes checking the stud on which the clapboard is nailed. This induces leakage and often speedy decay. The proper method is pointed out as follows: After one board is nailed on, let the support nails be stuck into the sheathing boards or studs, so as to rest on the upper edge of the board below. Then, after the ends are fitted, draw out the support nails and lap the lower edge of the clapboard on the board below not less than one inch. By observing this direction, no cracks will be produced near the lower edges of the boards. It will pay well, also, to make holes for nails with a sharp bradawl.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE CHEESE JERSEYS OF MAINE.

BY R. GOODMAN, ESQ.

Through the kindness of a friend, I have been put in possession of an editorial of the agricultural department of the *Maine Farmer*, which throws some new light on the availability of the Jersey cattle for the cheese factories, and gives some gratifying information as to the enterprise of the people of Winthrop, in perpetuating not alone the herd of "Winthrop Jerseys," but also in recording their pedigrees in a Herd Book. It seems that the owners of the descendants of some Jerseys imported into the town of Winthrop, realising their value as deep milkers, and discovering from the analyses of Prof. Arnold, that cheese from their milk contains a per centage of pure fat, equal to the famous Stilton cheese of England, have awakened to the importance of having a record of such animals and of keeping them pure, and not having in season availed themselves of the advantages of the American Jersey Cattle Club register, have now formed the "Maine Pure Blood Jersey Stock Association," which has in the press a Herd Book with rules "governing the entries similar to those of the American Jersey Cattle Club," upon which adventure as well as their animals, the association is certainly to be congratulated. This is not the first instance where the Jerseys have been highly estimated in this country for the cheesy quality of their milk, but they have been considered *par excellence*, such normal butter making cows, that the latter quality has been mainly taken into account, and the Winthrop Jerseys are undoubtedly the first *lot* that has been elevated into special selection for their value as cheese makers.

The editorial in question, after reciting these facts, refers to what it calls "an unfair statement," made by myself, in a recent number of the *Ploughman*, where, in writing of "Breeding and Pedigree," I depreciated the value to breeders of any other Jersey Herd Book, than that of the American Jersey Cattle Club. I certainly had not the Maine Herd Book in my eye at the time that article was written, as I had never heard of it, and though like the Irishman, I see it—if it deserves a whack—I am not apt to expend any force upon invisible nonentities, and if in possession of the facts as represented in the *Farmer*, there is everything to commend and nothing to blame. I think the owners of the stock were unfortunate, as I and many other breeders were in not taking advantage of the offers of the American Jersey Cattle Club to register their animals, because every animal entered there acquires a greater *money* value than those unregistered among the community at large. I find my "registered Jerseys" command double the price that my unregistered ones do, although among the latter are some noble animals just "as valuable for my purposes—a butter dairy," as if they had all the blood of "all the Howards," and a pedigree as long as the family whose ancestors owned their own boat in Noah's time, and would not demean themselves by going into the ark with his miscellaneous crowd. And of course there is no question that the "Winthrop Jerseys" with their remarkable qualities need no "bust" to designate their worth so long as they are retained at home, but when purchasers come from abroad, a serious question may arise as to their comparative value, and as to the relative merits of their record. Any one who has read Hammerton's "Round my House," will appreciate the inestimable value of the "de" before a family name in France, where that "preposition" determines the "pedigree standing" of the possessor, and has more weight in the social scale than money or official rank, and wins more hearts than either of those more substantial advantages. A thorough title to an estate, or complete pedigree of an animal, has the same value in kind to a would be purchaser, and the English and American Shorthorn Herd Books give a real value to the animals recorded in them; and as Mr. Hardin, of Kentucky, says, "the publication of the Herd Register of the Jersey Cattle Club gave prices a new impulse," for several reasons, the principal of which were that the pedigrees could easily be ascertained, and the breeders and purchasers had confidence in the manner the Register was got together and conducted. The committee appointed at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, to consider and report upon the questions, "What *constitutes* a pure bred animal," and "How shall an animal be proved to be pure bred?" performed their duty in this case. They reported that in their opinion the term pure bred is regarded by intelligent breeders and the public generally, as applying to such animals only as have been so bred that they can transmit with certainty their peculiar qualities to their offspring.

The proof that the animal is so bred should be a record of the animal or its ancestors, as recorded in some herd book *recognized by leading breeders and the public generally, as complete and authentic.*

This last answer is all I care to have to do with at present, and it seems to cover the whole ground. Now, although the *Maine Farmer* says, "I am a member of the Jersey Cattle Club, and incapable of judging fairly," I won't stop to combat the opinion—merely saying, that not being otherwise interested in the Club than as a member and Jersey breeder, and therefore not dreadfully foreclosed against independence of thought and utterance—but show how the Jersey Club Register is got up, and why it is in my opinion more conservative and protective than the Record or Herd Book of other breeds. In the first place, it is not the work of one individual. From the start it was the work of the Executive Committee of the Association, consisting of the President, Treasurer, Secretary, and three other persons annually elected, all well known gentlemen and breeders. Imported animals have now their pedigrees examined and certified from the Herd Books on the other side, and those bred here must have a certificate of the breeder endorsing the pedigree, and the breeder must be registered as owner of the dam at the time of breeding, and all animals sold in order that their progeny may be registered, must have their successive transfers duly recorded, such transfers to be made only on the certificate of the former owner.

Here we have all the precautions that can be imagined against any laxity or imposition, and in addition an annual meeting of the members of the association supplementing the frequent meetings of the Executive Committee during the year to supervise the whole business, correct any errors and redress any wrongs. In a word everything is done to make and continue a Herd Book, which shall be "recognized by leading breeders and the public generally as complete and authentic." But I by no means intend to say that this Register precludes any others, or that there may not be local herd books like that of the Winthrop Jerseys. There may yet possibly be registers of the two-pound-butter-a-day-Jerseys of solid and parti-colored Jerseys, but as neither Rome nor Connecticut could have two capitals of equal importance and authority; as when two authorities set up, neither supreme, confusion must generally intervene—so it appears to me better that each breed should have one Herd Book, in which all the breeders should have confidence, and to which the public generally who don't want to be like politicians, always in doubt as to their loyalty, can appeal with perfect confidence. But of the association of Maine—whose pedigree committee, the *Farmer* assumes, and I have no doubt correctly, is as capable of judging upon the qualifications of the animals proposed for registry as a similar committee of any other association—has exercised the same discernment and applied the same rules as govern the American Jersey Cattle Club, its herd book will be a valuable acquisition to our dairy literature, and cannot fail to enhance the monetary value of the animals embraced in it. And certainly it will be a good example for every State to follow and to have its own herd book of all the pure bred animals in it—the young and old farmers would be more interested in their stock, there would be a State and town pride in them, pedigrees would not be looked upon as hidden mysteries and their value would no longer be denied. But when all this is done, must there not be some central authority to put the stamp of value upon the certificate. The issues of a State Bank before our present banking system were at par at home, but in many cases only shin plasters beyond the line, but now endorsed or guaranteed by the government they are of equal value in all parts of the Union, and no one looks twice at them, but they are received without hesitation, just as a note of the Bank of England is current throughout the world. And on the same principle it seems to me, we must have Herd Books of national authority recognised by leading breeders everywhere, and the public generally as complete and authentic, and accepted as indubitable authority.

PRODUCTION OF MILK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I notice a piece in the *Ploughman*, in regard to the "Amount of hay to make a quart of milk." I do not know of any rule of the kind that would be likely to be anyways correct. The amount of hay consumed would depend upon the size of the cow and the state of her flesh, and also whether the cow naturally gives milk that is rich in cream, or a larger flow of a poorer quality.

I have one cow that I bought September 21, of a mixed breed, some Jersey blood but marked like the Ayrshire, but do not know in what proportions of it. The size of the cow is above the average.

I have bought all of my hay in lots of one-half ton, or near that at a time, and kept an account of each lot, and the time it takes her to consume each lot. The first ton that was consumed was rowen hay, which averaged twenty-five pounds per day of hay and six quarts of grain equal parts, meal and shorts; after that I decreased the grain one-third, as I found the cow was getting too fat. Since that time up to the middle of March, I continued the grain at four quarts per day, then I commenced to dry her, taking away all grain, since that time. I feed the best of English hay I can get and all that the cow will eat without wasting it.

The average weight of hay per day since September 21, up to the present time, is twenty-three pounds; averaging the same while dry without grain, as during the winter with grain and giving milk. The largest yield of milk per day during this time, was thirteen and one-half quarts, and the smallest was four and one-half quarts.

The quality of the milk was seven quarts of measured milk made fifteen ounces of butter. H. D.

FEEDING ON THE FARM.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Your correspondent, "S. G. P.," in the *Ploughman* of April 22d, gives the result of Prof. Rhode's experiments in feeding cows to ascertain the proportion of food consumed to the milk produced, and expressed grave doubts of its correctness, intimating that the experiments were made with one or two cows and continued only for a short time, and he calls upon those having knowledge respecting these matters to publish it through the *Ploughman*.

Now the facts are that the particular experiment referred to was made at the Agricultural Academy at Eldena, and very precise accounts were kept of the product of every cow, as well as the expense of keeping her, and the experiment was not with one or two cows and for a short time, but with a large number of cows and for the whole year, and it was found that three Ayrshire cows averaged 2247 quarts of milk per cow, while twenty-two Holland cows averaged 4,437 quarts per cow. The Hollanders consumed about five pounds or its equivalent of hay for every quart of milk.

Baron Ockel, in Frankenfelde, made a comparative experiment with Ayrshires and Hollanders; the average weight of the Ayrshires being 806 pounds, and that of the Hollanders 1016 pounds. The experiment showed that the Ayrshires consumed 3 3-10 pounds of hay for every 100 pounds of live weight, while the Hollanders consumed 2 8-10 only. Of the amount or food consumed, 1-50 of their live weight only was required to keep the Hollanders in their normal state, while it required 1-50 of their live weight to keep the Ayrshires in their normal condition. Baron Ockel also made another experiment with four Holland cows, the two heaviest of which weighed 2112 pounds, and the lighter ones 1537 pounds. He placed them in two groups,—the heavy ones forming one group and the light ones forming the other,—and continued the experiment during sixteen days, the food being correctly weighed to each when fed; the result showing *that heavy cows of the same breed consume relatively less food than lighter ones, and at the same time yield a greater return for it.*

Another series of experiments, conducted by Villeroy, resulted in showing that 100 pounds of hay produced, in Hollanders 28,92 quarts of milk; in Devons, 19,13 quarts; and in Herefords, 15,97 quarts.

Prof. Lehmann selected cows from both the Shorthorn and Holland races that had passed their sixth year, but were not so old that their age affected the flow of milk. The experiment of milking commenced July 31st, 1866, and terminated July 30th, 1867, being precisely 365 days, during which time there was yielded, by four Shorthorns, 27,204 pounds of milk, or an average of 6,801 pounds per cow, while four Hollanders yielded 32,136 pounds, or an average of 8,034 pounds per cow. The same food, keeping, care, and surroundings, which in the Shorthorns produced 100 pounds of milk, produced 118 4-10 in the Hollanders, or fully 18 per cent in favor of the Hollanders as milk producers.

These experiments were made by scientific men in Europe and are unquestionably reliable.

It may interest your correspondent, "S. G. P.," to know that the "Holland" cattle have, after importation here, more than sustained their European reputation. Mr. Miller's [illegible] milked 365 days and produced 12,681 1-2 pounds of milk. After being dry six weeks, she calved in June, 1871, and during the following 362 days produced 11,528 pounds of milk. Mr. Miller milked eleven good native cows, kept in the stable with his Hollanders two years; the average yield per cow per year was 4,500 pounds of milk, while the average yield of his Hollands per cow, per year, was 9,597 pounds. For experiment he weighed the food of his best native and best Holland cow for one week, and found the native cow consumed 25 per cent more food for every pound of milk produced.

Mr. Comer's Holland cow Anna produced 10,840 pounds of milk in eight months.

Col. Hoffman selected from his herd of sixteen native cows, six of the best, and placed them with his Hollanders, both having the same care and keep precisely for two years, during which time an exact record, by actual weight, was kept of each and every cow. The Hollanders gave from 25 to 30 per cent. more than the others, yielding from 10,000 to 11,000 pounds. This was the result for two successive years with the Hollanders, increasing their per centage of gain the last year.

Mr. Chenery's famous Holland cow Texelaar, which, at six years old, produced 4,018 pounds 14 oz. of milk in nine weeks, and 76 pounds 5 oz. in one day, has recently given birth to her twelfth calf, and at the time of calving her udder measured 75 1-2 inches in circumference. Very good for a 17 years old cow. One of Texelaars granddaughters has produced 80 pounds 2 oz. of milk in a day, and another 14 pounds of butter in a week.

These are facts, not estimates or guesses. *Middlesex Co., Mass., April* 23. C. W.

Growing Clover Seed.—I have just threshed a small crop of clover seed, yielding two and a half bushels per acre. The seed is choice. I cut the first crop for hay as soon as the weather would permit. Generally the weather is unpromising when clover should be cut. Not more than three-fourths of the blossoms should be cut entirely, and some turning brown, at the time of cutting. If cut when dry and kept stirred with a tedder, it can be got into cock the first day. Clover hay, to be of any use for feeding, must have the leaves and blossoms cured on the stalk. To get a crop of seed, sow plaster as soon as the hay is cut, two bushels per acre (if not sown in spring), also any special manure, if convenient, and you know what to buy. Be sure of one point, however, that your hay must be cut and off before the second growth (which is for seed) starts sufficiently to be cut when mowing for hay. Many differ about the time to cut the seed. Some maintain that it should stand till thoroughly ripened, the heads and stalks black, and to have one or two showers on it, after cutting, to make it thresh easily. Some think it best to cut it as soon as the heads are mature, and the seed hardened or glazed, but while the stalks and leaves are green, and some heads a little later are immature. By cutting at that time, and cocking at night, you do not shell any; you save all the leaves, and if some heads are not ripe, there will be no loss when you have a flock of sheep to feed, as they will eat it all clean, and even cleaner

and churches, as well as State buildings, can be erected over the heads of the people now and here.

These minor buildings can be so constructed as not only to be cheap and tasteful, but elegant. They are also healthier in respect to non-liability to sudden changes, to extremes of heat, cold and moisture. By reference to a British work on architecture it will also be seen that *salice fragilis*, (L), a wood which we can grow in unbounded abundance, is both non-flammable and adapted to such portions of these structures as absolutely require wood. Treatment of curtains and some other house fixtures with a solution of alum is another point worthy of consideration by way of fire prevention. The minds of the masses need disabusing of he idea that insurance money makes good the losses from fires. The practical truth being that insurance is only a powerful suction pump to draw the losses of the fell from the pockets of the many. The loss from fire being, as a question of political economy, an absolute loss of just so much national wealth. There are over thirty-one and a half millions of dollars of annual insured losses by fire in the Empire State alone paid by the insurance companies, leaving uninsured losses out of the count.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1876.

☞ The papers for a week past have had a good deal of exciting intelligence from Barbadoes, involving fighting, slaughter, murder, incendiarism, and the like, but nobody can be found who will explain intelligently what it is all about. Incendiarism appears to be the prevailing epidemic there. The Chinese coolie, however, may be credited with much of it, who has a knack of applying the torch to whatever will burn when he finds no ears open to any other argument. The labor question is probably at the bottom of it.

☞ The story of Piper about the death of Mabel Young, in a church belfry in this city last summer, is allowed all the weight of truth it is entitled to, and some people think a good deal more It certainly does clear up much that was difficult to comprehend before, such a circumstance, for instance, as the brief time occupied in the deed, provided it was murder. The trouble about believing this story is on account of his having falsified about the child's death in the first place. He says he did so from fear, knowing that the officers themselves would make the utmost of his story against him. But he has not yet explained how he happened to be so willing to let the child climb into the belfry, especially when he had just before set the trap door in a dangerous position.

☞ Winslow, the forger, was released from prison by the British Government on Wednesday. Our Government refused to obey the Act of Parliament of 1870, which exacted from it a pledge that he should be tried only for the offence for which he was surrendered. It could not bind Massachusetts by any such promise and declaring that a simple Act of Parliament shall have the same effect as a notice. There will be a reckoning for this some day. At any rate, a new treaty will have to be drawn, or the rogues will defy the laws of both nations.

THE CENTENNIAL OPENING.

On Wednesday next, at high noon, the great Exhibition at Philadelphia will open that is to signalize the Centennial period of our national existence. Of the preparations which have been making and are now made for it the readers of the *Ploughman* have from week to week been advised. All agree, who have visited the Exhibition grounds and buildings, and studied the scheme which is so soon to develope its true proportions and character to the world, that it has been projected on a scale worthy of the resources and reputation of the country, and that if managed with proportionate skill and energy it will set forth the spirit of the American people and the meaning of their free institutions in an unmistakable manner. The Opening Day is to be, of course, an exceptional one in the roll of days that will compose the full term of the Exhibition. From May 10th, the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga to Ethan Allen, to October 17th, memorable for the close of the Revolutionary War by the surrender of the last British army at Yorktown, the Exhibition will remain open to the enjoyment of the multitudes that will pour in through its gates.

Representatives of foreign governments have been invited for this day of inauguration, as well as the President of the United States, his Cabinet, the Judiciary, Congress, the Governors of the several States, besides all the other officials and dignitaries whose united presence will add impressiveness to so august an occasion. Hymns, addresses, odes, cantatas, and choruses, together with the finest music of selected bands, will intersperse with the ringing of bells and the booming of artillery. The multitude at the opening scenes cannot fail to be a very great one, and of those who are present none will forget that they had the good fortune to participate in the grandest pageant of this stirring century. Only let a fresh spirit of patriotism be breathed into every heart by an event that marks the beginning of our second century in a life of freedom. The inner meaning of the event cannot be sought too earnestly by all, nor treasured too faithfully.

CONGRESS.

The Senate has been engaged on the question of the disposal of the Japanese indemnity fund. At a Cabinet meeting, it was decided that the action of the British Government in the Winslow case was to be taken by the United States as an emphatic reason for the abrogation of the Treaty of 1842. The bill for appropriating $50,000 for the relief and removal of certain Indian tribes was passed. The impeachment trial moves slowly. The President has transmitted to the Senate the Report of the Centennial Commissioners, which likewise invites both Houses to be present at the opening ceremonies of the Exhibition on the 10th inst. The House has taken up the law for issuing silver coin, with a view to making a metallic currency more immediately abundant. Mr. Blaine has again explained in relation to the charges against him. A motion has been made to adjourn Congress on the 10th of June. The Appropriation bills are a bone of contention between the two Houses. The Investigating Committees ply their work with the usual assiduity.

THE LEGISLATURE ADJOURNED.

The Massachusetts Legislature, as was stated in the last week's issue of the *Ploughman*, was preparing to adjourn when the paper went to press. It closed the business of the session on Friday night at 10 o'clock, the usual mock session not being omitted. The Legislature thus completed its shortest session in fourteen years. The time was given almost wholly to work, the committees having generally taken from the two Houses the burden of the business which used to engage them. There were few members in open debate on the floor of either branch. The militia question was perhaps the one that excited the largest interest. The Eastern Railroad Company's affairs occasioned a protracted and very general discussion. The reduction of the State militia force was agreeably to Gov. Rice's recommendation in his address, and action is being promptly taken by the military authorities in obedience to the new law.

Nothing was done about the Hoosac Tunnel, except to establish more satisfactorily the relations of the Troy and Greenfield Railroad to it. The mortgage taxation question was left undisposed of and so was the question of taxing church property, as well as churches of a value exceeding $12,000. There were two veto messages transmitted by the Governor, one bearing on the proposed changes in the license law, His Excellency deeming it best to give the present law time for a fair trial. The other related to the act legalizing the now famous Parton marriage, the Governor arguing against it that a general law cannot constitutionally be set aside by special legislation; in other words, that a law must operate equally or not at all. A special commission was raised to report to the next Legislature on the application of the State judicial system to Municipal and District Courts. The Boston and Albany investigation consumed a large part of the time of the session, resulting in three reports from the railroad committee and the passage of a compromise resolution. The members from the agricultural districts of the State are now at home, actively preparing for the work of the season.

SCARCITY OF CHANGE.

The disappearance of small change, both scrip and coin, is causing serious trouble in trade, and Congress is engaged in seeking a remedy. It is proposed to pay out not more than ten millions in silver coin in exchange for greenbacks, retaining the latter until an equal amount of fractional currency shall have been paid in to the Government for ordinary dues, then destroying the fractional and releasing the greenbacks. That seems to be the most direct and easy way out of the hobble. Government will still have some four millions of silver in hand to pay out for fractional currency, besides what it is coining every month at the mint. In this way the channels of circulation will run with silver all at once, which is the only way to put a stop to the hoarding which is making silver scarce. The machinery of issue was not adequate to the work to be done. In the first place, it allowed no more coin to be issued than the whole of the fractional currency, and in the next place it allowed coin to be issued only so fast as the fractional currency came in.

This tended to a double contraction, and in the following manner: as silver showed no symptoms of circulation people began to hoard it, and they also hoarded fractional currency because that was the only thing with which they could buy silver. They therefore hoarded both at once, and the stringency has been growing worse every day. When Congress passed the law authorizing the emission of silver coin, it called on the Secretary of the Treasury to know how much fractional currency he had on hand He responded, on the 25th of January, that there were eight and three-quarters millions of it in the Treasury. The thing to be done was plainly to order the issue of an equal amount of silver at once, and to cancel the eight and three-quarters millions on hand. If there is anything like that amount of fractional currency still, it can be done just as well now as it could then. But the greenback plan stated above will work just as well, and silver will begin to flow out freely under it. We hope by our next issue to be able to chronicle the relief of trade by a change of policy.

The Stage Coach Fashion.—While railroads rule, narrow gauge included, there is no danger that the old fashioned stage-coach will get away their fares. But it is just as possible, however, for the stage-coach to come back and claim a place in the general machinery of travel. They certainly need not submit to be wholly suppressed. It will be remembered—for it has now become a matter of memory—that the old stage-coaches and the old tavern went together. They were twins in the common arrangement. The revival of the stage-coach, therefore, naturally suggests the return of the quiet and home like old country tavern. On the long routes we do not expect to see them reappear; but within a certain radius of large cities, like New York, Boston and Philadelphia, each of which has its own contiguous associations, the stage-coach may carry its rocking load of passengers to cheery little taverns that form the attraction at points distant but a few miles from the city. That is what forms the basis of the new coaching mania that has broken out in New York. A circle of rich young'uns men has entered into it, driving their own teams, which are got up without regard to cost, carrying passengers on top or inside after the English style, with baggage in the boot, and picking up parcels and errands as they may be given them along the road. It is a picturesque sort of enterprise, and in the Centennial year revives the old times. The coaches began to run on Monday, May 1st, and the books for registering passengers are open at the taverns at both ends of the route.

The Good side of Avarice.—A London physician has undertaken to defend in avarice what might be called its good side. He holds that avarice tends rather to the preservation than the deterioration of the body. The avaricious man seems to others to be denying himself all the pleasures of the world, whereas he is by his abstinence putting himself in a condition to enjoy a long and healthy existence. The physician talks in this style of the miser: "By his economy he is saved from all the worry incident to penury; by his caution he is secured from all the risks incident to speculation; by his regularity of hours and perfect appropriation of the sunlight, in preference to artificial illumination, he rests and works in periods precisely according with the periodicity of nature; by his abstemiousness he takes just enough to live, which is precisely the right thing to do, according to the natural rigid law."

Agricultural Fairs in New Hampshire.—At a meeting of the executive officers of the State and county societies, April 14, the time was arranged for holding the New Hampshire agricultural fairs the coming autumn, as follows: State fair, Manchester, October 3, 4 and 5; Strafford county fair, September 12, 13 and 14; Hillsborough county, Nashua, September 12 and 13; Merrimack county, Concord, September 20 and 21; Cottonwork Village, Hillsborough Bridge, September 19 and 20; Oak Park fair, Greenfield, September 14 and 15; Cheshire county, Keene, September 19, 20 and 21; Grafton county, Plymouth, September 26, 27 and 28; Connecticut River Valley, Claremont, September 5, 6 and 7. It was voted that no season tickets or season complimentary tickets be issued this year, and that no free tickets be given to attendants of horses, cattle or persons hiring grounds Single admission to the State fair is reduced from 50 to 35 cents. The dog show was so successful last year that it will be made a speciality at the State fair. The premium lists in every department have been thoroughly revised and will be ready for distribution in a few days.

☞ Rev. A. R. Baker, D. D., one of the clergymen of the old school of Calvinists, died at his residence in Dorchester on Sunday, at the age of 72. Dr. Baker was born in Franklin, Mass., and graduated from Amherst College in 1835. He completed his education at the Andover Theological Seminary in 1835, and after teaching school a few years he was settled over the Orthodox Church at Medford. From this place he went to Lynn, where he preached a short time, then removed to Needham, and subsequently became pastor of the E Street Congregational Church, South Boston. He resided in Wellesley for some time, and finally took up his abode in Dorchester. He was a man of considerable literary culture, and was the author of a question book or catechism which met with much favor. He was conservative in the extreme, both in his religious and political views, and took strong ground against those who differed with him. During the rebellion his sympathies were on the side of the South, having a son in the rebel army. He married a daughter of the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D., a lady whose literary efforts have produced upward of two hundred juvenile books.

☞ A pathetic scene was witnessed at the Boston and Albany Railroad yesterday morning, says the *Transcript*. Four young ladies from the Catholic societies of Boston and its vicinity, arrived to take the cars for Cincinnati to enter a convent. They were accompanied by about sixty weeping friends and relatives, who came to bid them adieu. When one of the young ladies arrived at the gate her courage failed, and she clung to her mother, weeping hysterically and crying: "I can't go! I can't go!" The mother told her she could and she must, and the poor girl was actually forced from her mother's embrace to the gate to the cars. The scene touched many strangers standing by, and their remarks were not complimentary to some institutions. Such occurrences take place, it is said, about four times a year.

☞ The grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons met at Portland Tuesday evening, and elected Henry L. Paine of Portland, grand high priest; A. B. Marston, Bangor, deputy grand high priest; Joseph M. Hayes, Bath, grand king; Frank P. Faulkner, Turner, grand scribe; Ira Berry, Portland, grand secretary.

☞ Sheep shearing has now fairly commenced on the Pacific coast, and the receipts at San Francisco from March 1 to April 15, foot up 14,876 bales, or 1,007 more than the total for the corresponding time last year. It is expected that the yield will be as large as that of last year, but the quality will not be as good.

READ AND RUN.

— Several towns around Boston are refusing to issue license for the coming year at all.

— Our military are in the midst of their preparations for attending the Centennial at Philadelphia.

— A. F. Pifield, Register of the Cambridge Water Board, turns up an embezzler. Ten thousand dollars is about what he has stolen from the water rates.

— A Boston firm, it is said, works over from five to six hundred pounds of rancid butter every day, selling it again for new and good.

— The Brighton cattle drovers some of them complain of the partiality of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

— Boston boasts of a Bristow club, with all the others.

— The Boston Post Office has been discharging some of its clerks.

— Boston University students publish a monthly, and they style it the Beacon.

— A family of Jews in this city uses only the native tongue, that of Moses, in its daily conversation.

— Anna Dickinson's debut on Monday evening, at the Globe Theatre in this city, as an actress, is exciting very general interest. Her friends intend to sustain her as powerfully as they can.

— The Emperor Dom Pedro made but a brief stay of it in San Francisco.

— Chicago jail was relieved of fourteen of its inmates, last Sunday morning.

— The mills which were recently destroyed by fire at City Mills, on the N. Y. & N. E. R. R., are to be at once rebuilt.

— The suicidal epidemic does not seem to abate any.

— Petitions are to be at once presented to the Governor and Council; for the commutation of the sentence of death under which Piper now lies in the Charles Street jail.

— Mrs. (Forrest) Sinclair has written a letter entirely clearing Charles O'Conor of the charges brought against him, and declaring that they were neither made by her or with her authority.

— The letter-stamp office has been refusing to make change, paying back only stamps.

— Secretary Fish will do nothing in Steinberger's case, on the ground that as prime minister of Samoa he was not an American citizen.

— A thrifty young elm, that was transplanted from Dorchester, has taken the place of the Old Elm on the Common. We trust it will be a healthy tree, one hundred years hence.

— Dodworth, the founder of the famous band of that name in New York, has just died, at the age of eighty-six.

— A direct station service by wagon has been established between the Boston Post Office and its different branches.

— The war between the freight lines going West is exceedingly hot, altogether to the advantage of the shippers.

— Mayflower excursions have been the style for the past two weeks, over the Eastern and Old Colony Railroads.

— Italians are now at work in large numbers on the Newton Water Works, at the rate of seventy-five cents a day.

— The advertising department of a live newspaper is fully as interesting to read as any other.

— Gold keeps itself steadily up to about 112 and a fraction.

— The investigation business in Washington does not relax in its activity at all.

— The suburbs are now dressed in garments of "living green," and are good for the eyes to look upon.

— Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer, sailed for home on Wednesday.

— The old codfish at the Sate House is reported to have waggled his tail last Friday night, in sign of gratification at the Legislature's adjournment.

— The sails of fashion are all set for Newport this season.

— The new style of bonnet goes on the handle of the soup plate, and it is fastened somehow to the back of the head.

— The Belknap impeachment trial is as slow as an elephant going over a bridge he never crossed before.

— The Connecticut Legislature assembled on Wednesday.

— Division and brigade organizations in the militia have been ordered disbanded.

— New evidence, favorable to Piper, is claimed to have been discovered by his counsel, on which he bases an appeal for a new trial.

— A large party left New York for the Black Hills on Tuesday last.

— Commodore Vanderbilt is steadily regaining his health. The old gentleman's chief drawback is his eagerness to get out and look after things.

— Col. Delancey Kane handles the reins, nonsensically called ribbons, more skillfully than any man in Gotham.

— Mr. Evarts is on his farm up in Vermont working away at his Centennial oration.

— The malicious breaking of rival cable lines has a bad look for public intelligence, as if it was profit more than progress that inspired modern movements.

— Mr. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) has been saying some mighty good things for Agriculture, at a recent after-dinner speech in New Haven. He doesn't think, at any rate, that the pursuit of farming results in such corruption as is now making everybody feel ashamed.

— Already they are discussing the date of the first clam bake of the season in Rhode Island. It takes the vivacious clam to excite Little Rhody.

— Winslow can't know exactly what to do with his freedom, now he has got it. He certainly cannot make any use of it here.

— Trout-fishing is now in order. Hook on!

— James Gordon Bennett, one of the new stage-coach drivers in New York, paid only $17,000 for his coach.

— Speaker Kerr is taking another vacation to recruit his health.

— The proclamation of the Queen's new title of "Empress of India" at the Royal Exchange, in London, was received with hisses as well as cheers.

— Charlotte Cushman gives the most of her property by her will to a relative, Edmund C. Cushman.

— There is talk of a recess of Congress from the 10th of June till into September.

— Bismark is to have a colossal statue erected to him at Kissingen, on the spot where the attempt was made to assassinate him.

— The scarcity of change adds to the other inconveniences of the times.

— The Belknap impeachment case is being argued—argued.

— The United States Courts are to have the Mountain Meadow massacre before them again shortly.

— Revenue agents are seizing distilleries in San Francisco.

— Kilbourne, the recusant Washington witness, is now ready, so he informs the House Committee, to show his real estate books to that body in the event of their choose to call at his office.

— A new wharf and elevator enterprise is getting on foot in this city.

— Payments to the Alabama claimants are now being made.

— The matter of Chinese immigration has got into Congress, as if there were a want of topics.

— The Czar of Russia is understood to take the position definitely that the peace of Europe must not be disturbed.

— There is some talk of the English Univer sity crews attending the Centennial at Philadelphia.

— The Prince of Wales is steadily working his way up home to England. He will yet become tired of remaining in the "tight little isle" as its ruler.

— As the time approaches for the inauguration of the Centennial at Philadelphia, it becomes perfectly apparent that the design is on a grand scale, and entirely worthy of the national reputation.

— The inclination of the people to hold on to the silver coin issued has made it necessary to try another mode of putting it in circulation.

— The Pope continues to enjoy good health, notwithstanding adverse reports.

— Gen. Banks has introduced to the notice of Congress an entirely new plan for establishing "a stable paper currency."

— The St. Lawrence River is now about clear of ice.

— The Hartford *Times* criticises Grace Greenwood's husband rather freely, and predicts even more so.

— Bunting has gone up a hundred per cent., it is said, which is lucky for those who are engaged in its manufacture.

— In England, where the rink and spelling-bee epidemic prevails, they have got to calling it the "foot-and-mouth disease."

Burney Williams, the deceased Irish actor, had a crowd of friends and admirers at his funeral in New York, besides no end of flowers.

— Five hundred miles of seacoast is what Texas claims to have.

— Cuba owes twice her yearly revenue, which is another illustration of the cart before the horse.

— Among the Centennial jurors we are glad to recognize Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel).

— The white hat is to be seen bobbing around about these days.

— May day was a characteristic one—bright and blustering.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

Opening Day Wednesday, May 10, 1876.

THE OPENING.

The Centennial Board of Finance have issued the following:—

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
PHILADELPHIA, May 2, 1876.

The opening ceremonies of the exhibition will take place on the 10th of May.

The public will be admitted to the ground at nine o'clock A. M., and at twelve o'clock M. the ceremonies will take place, after which the buildings will be thrown open. A fifty cent note or silver half dollar gains admittance to the grounds, and no further fee is required at the buildings. After the 10th of May the grounds will be open at nine o'clock A. M

JOHN WELSH, President.

The Philadelphia *Record* prints as follows, the official announcement of the programme of services at the formal inauguration of the Centennial Exhibition on May 10:

To the President of the United States:

SIR: In obedience to the law constituting this organization, I have the honor to submit, in behalf of the commission, a schedule of the ceremonies to be observed at the opening of the international exhibition of 1876, on the 10th proximo. Formal invitations to attend have been sent to the President of the United States, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the Congress, the Government Centennial Board, the Foreign Commissioners to the Exhibition, the Governors of the States and Territories and their staffs, the Legislature of this State, the chief officers of the Army and Navy, the Women's National Centennial Committee, the Centennial Board of Finance, and others in official positions or officially connected with the work of the Exhibition. On the morning of May 10 the grounds and buildings in general will be open to the public at 9 A. M. The memorial hall or art gallery, the main building, and the machinery hall will be reserved to the invited guests and the exhibitors until the close of the ceremonies, about noon, when all restrictions will be removed. The exercises will take place in the open air upon the south terrace of memorial hall, fronting the main building, in full view of the general public. Invited guests, unless notified to the contrary, will enter the terrace through the west wing of the carriage course at the east end of that building, or by the south, middle, or western doors thereof. These entrances will be open to them at 9 A. M. They will be under the direction of Theodore Thomas, assisted by Dudley Buck, with an orchestra of 150 and a chorus of 800. It is expected that guests will be seated in the amphitheatre prepared on the south front of Memorial Hall by 10 15 A. M. The orchestra will play the national airs of all the countries represented at the Exhibition. The President of the United States will be escorted to the grounds by Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, and a division or more of troops from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, arriving about 10 30 A. M.

PROGRAMME.

1. Centennial Inauguration March, by Richard Wagner, of Germany.
2. Prayer, by Right Rev. Bishop Simpson.
3. Hymn, by John G. Whittier; music by John K. Paine, of Massachusetts. Oratorical and organ accompaniment.
4. Cantata, the words by Sidney Lanier, of Georgia; music by Dudley Buck of Connecticut. Orchestral and organ accompaniment.
5. Presentation of the Exhibition, by the President of the Centennial Commission.
6. Address by the President of the United States.

The declaration that the Exhibition is open will be followed by the raising of flags, salutes of artillery, the singing of the chorus, and Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus, with organ and orchestral accompaniment. The foreign Commissioners will pass into the main building while this is going on, and to their respective sections. The President of the United States and the guests of the day will pass through the main building. The foreign Commissioners, upon the President's passing them, will join in procession, and the whole body will cross to Machinery Hall. There, at the proper moment, the President will set in motion the machinery and all the machinery connected therewith. A brief reception by the President of the United States, in the Judges' pavilion, will close the formal observances of the day.

The Centennial Commission is happy to report that the buildings and grounds, so far as the commission and its chief executive officer are directly responsible, will be completely ready on the appointed day. The exhibits from foreign countries are extensive and brilliant beyond our anticipations. It would be too much to expect that every exhibitor should have his space in perfect order at the opening, though the most strenuous efforts to that end will be continually made by the commission. But the fact is that no previous exhibition was so far advanced at the same relative day. The commission begs leave to add that the President's address to this to Congress soon, and most respectfully invites both Houses to attend the opening ceremonies of the International Exhibition held in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the declaration of our national independence. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

President Centennial Commission.

CENTENNIAL NOTES

FARES TO THE CENTENNIAL.—A GENERAL REDUCTION EXPECTED.—At the meeting of the United States Centennial Commissioners, May 2, the committee which had been appointed to confer with the directors of all the railroad companies in the United States, officers of several of the leading companies, and that there was every prospect of a liberal reduction in the rates of fares and freights to the Centennial Exhibition. It is probable that a general convention of ticket agents will be called together to revise the rates.

THE MAMMOTH ENGINE AT THE CENTENNIAL.—The Corliss engine at the Centennial is that described. It weighs 700 tons; it will drive eight miles of shafting; has a fly-wheel thirty feet in diameter and weighing 70 tons; is 1,400 horsepower, with a reserve force equal to another 1,500 horse power; has two walking-beams, weighing 22 tons each; two 40 inch cylinders, a 10-foot stroke, a crank shaft 19 inches in diameter and 22 feet in length; connecting-rods 16 feet in length, and piston rods 6½ inch in diameter. The platform upon which it rests is 55 feet in diameter and composed of poli-hed iron plates, resting on iron longitudinals that extend from down into the earth. The height from the floor to the top of the walking-beams is 39 feet. Mr. Corliss is the builder and engineer, and owner, having had it erected for the double purpose of exhibition and furnishing motive power, which will be supplied gratuitously, but only for the purpose of exhibiting the method in operation, no machinery being allowed to run longer than is necessary for that purpose, except by permission from the chief engineer. Of the eight lines of shafting (four on each side of the transept) seven will have a speed of 120 revolutions per minute and one of 240.

☞ It seems that while the Oxford boating clubs are disposed to participate in the centennial regatta, they make their acceptance of the invitation conditional upon Cambridge and the Dublin University sending crews.

☞ Rhode Island sends to the Centennial a perfect cow with a tail six feet three inches. That comes from living in a small State. Not having room to spread, he ran up.—*Albany Journal.*

New Route to the Centennial.—To make the visit to Philadelphia and the Centennial a pleasant summer excursion, and not a laborious task replete with petty annoyances, has been the study of many ingenious and experienced travellers. These thoughts seem to have crystallized into something definite in one instance, for we see that the staunch and famous steamer Empire State, of the Fall River line, has been purchased, and will be refurnished in the most thorough manner for excursions from Fall River to Philadelphia and return, remaining in Philadelphia as long as she may be engaged for, and furnishing board and sleeping accommodations while there.

The boat will take the inside route by the way of Long Island Sound, passing through Hurl Gate, by Blackwell's Island, New York and Jersey City, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Long Branch, by daylight, giving the passengers some of the most charming marine views off the coast, and at the same time avoiding the danger of sea sickness. It seems to us that this manner of visiting the Centennial must commend itself to visitors, avoiding, as it does, the heat, dust and crowds incidental to railway travel; also the trouble of dealing with hotels and backmen both in Philadelphia, and giving the benefit of the spacious saloons of the boat and an invigorating sea breeze.

☞ It is understood that a delegation of workingmen is to be sent over by the government of France to our Centennial Exhibition, the bookbinders for themselves and such others as possible for them to see of the workings of our "plain" republican life. It will be a short education to them, and will doubtless strengthen those republican sentiments, which are so steadily making headway in France.

☞ Winslow, the forger, is reported to have said that if he were released by the British Government, he would hurry home and "make it hot" for some people in Boston. Now let him come tired of remaining in the "tight little isle" as its ruler.

— As the time approaches for the inauguration of the Centennial at Philadelphia, it becomes perfectly apparent that the design is on a grand scale, and entirely worthy of the national reputation.

— The inclination of the people to hold on to the silver coin issued has made it necessary to try another mode of putting it in circulation.

— The Pope continues to enjoy good health, notwithstanding adverse reports.

— Gen. Banks has introduced to the notice of Congress an entirely new plan for establishing "a stable paper currency."

— The St. Lawrence River is now about clear of ice.

— The Hartford *Times* criticises Grace Greenwood's husband rather freely, and predicts even more so.

— Bunting has gone up a hundred per cent., it is said, which is lucky for those who are engaged in its manufacture.

— In England, where the rink and spelling-bee epidemic prevails, they have got to calling it the "foot-and-mouth disease."

Burney Williams, the deceased Irish actor, had a crowd of friends and admirers at his funeral in New York, besides no end of flowers.

— Five hundred miles of seacoast is what Texas claims to have.

— Cuba owes twice her yearly revenue, which is another illustration of the cart before the horse.

— Among the Centennial jurors we are glad to recognize Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel).

— The white hat is to be seen bobbing around about these days.

— May day was a characteristic one—bright and blustering.

— Down in Central America, that nest of turbulent little States, there is a tumult going on about all the time. In Costa Rica they have elected a new President; in Colombia there has been a new Cabinet formed; Nicaragua has been increasing her military strength; Honduras has been invaded; and Guatemala has gone to war with Salvador. Things are looking lively down in the tropics.

☞ Mayor Cobb has written a formal invitation to Dom Pedro to visit Boston.

☞ Several gentlemen who take their breakfasts at their residences in town since May 1st, have been served with notice by the assessors of their intention to hold them as tax-payers.

☞ The sale of pictures at auction in the city continues, and at very reasonable prices.

☞ May has not thus far smiled as blandly on us as April did.

☞ A new direct route by rail, with palace day cars and night sleeping cars as additional equipments has been opened to Philadelphia from Boston, by the New York and New England Railroad Company.

☞ *The Boulevard and Street Lamps* of the Bartlett patent, with the gas-lighting torch, have given universal satisfaction, and are to be had of Webb & Stevens, at 40 Bromfield Street, in this city.

Editor's Table.

☞ The *Semi Tropical* grows better with every issue. Its typography is as handsome as the matter it embodies is fresh and excellent. It shows skill and experience in making its selections, while its original contributions and editorial matter are of real merit. As a southern agricultural and horticultural magazine we pronounce it a success decidedly. Published by Chas. H. Blew, Jacksonville, Florida.

The *Musician and Artist* for May is the fifth number of this growing periodical. Some of its articles are—Clara, a Cantata in Four Movements; Icicle; Music in New York; Musical Men of Our Time; Art Talks of the painter Hunt to his pupils; Spanish Art; and Observations on Art from Abroad. Published by E. A. Samuels, Boston, at $2,00 per annum.

The *Phrenological Journal* has its customary variety of instruction and amusement, in many respects being without competition. Its front illustrations is a portrait of President Barnard, of Columbia College, New York. The reading, both original and selected, is all interesting and good.

☞ *The Proceedings* of the Fifteenth Session of the American Pomological Society, held in Chicago, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of September last, edited by the Secretary, are published by the Society, and in a truly sumptuous form. A society devoted to the culture of fruit could not very well appear before the public in a less elegant style. In these Proceedings, which are printed in large and fair type, in double columns, and on a broad quarto page, are to be read again the discussions, addresses, conversations and enjoyments of this noble Society at its last session. They constitute reading matter that will be fresh with every repeated perusal. Of the instruction to be derived from them it is unnecessary to speak. We are indebted to the courtesy of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder for a copy of this publication of the Society.

The Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Vermont Dairymen's Association, for the annual meeting, October 25, 1876, with accompanying papers, is before us and has afforded us great pleasure and instruction in the examination. It is faultlessly full of matter, which may be studied with profit by all farmers who keep few or many cows. Its typographical style is of the best.

☞ The 32d Annual Report of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, of this city, is on our table, and it contains suggestions of importance to all classes of people. The managements of the affairs of this strongly established Company are set forth lucidly, so hat any one can easily comprehend them. The mutual plan of life insurance has long been a favorite one, particularly for the ease of payments of premiums under it. No similar company in the country is better organized and officered, or more strongly established.

"THE HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From the earliest discovery to the present time, including an account of the joint settlements by the Dutch, Swedes and English, and of the rule of William Penn, his Treaty and Pacific Measures with the Indians; and the Gradual Advancement and Present Prosperous aspect of opulence and Refinement. By William Mason Cornell, D. D. L. L. D, author of "Life of Robert Raikes," "Life of Horace Greeley," "Memoirs of Countess Huntingdon," etc. Philadelphia, Quaker City Publishing House, 1876."

This is a splendid book of 676 royal octavo pages, printed on good paper, in type which is very readable, and neatly bound.

In the preface, the author says, "by history we learn what mankind have been and done in all past ages. By history, the best men of every age and century of the world are set before us for our imitation, and the worst for our detestation. By history we learn how nations, empires, kingdoms have been founded, developed, and passed away. By history we become acquainted with the genius, laws and customs of men who have acted a part in their generation; and behold, as in a mirror, the disposition, character and talents, which produced their virtue or their vice, and entitled them to the respects, veneration and grateful remembrance of their successors, or, made them a reproach to the end of the world."

Such, seems a very correct view of history. The discovery of our country by the "Northmen," and, also, by the "Swedes and Goths," and by many others, with the first settlements upon the Delaware, by the Dutch and Swedes, and both supplanted by the English, in the first chapter. In the second, the Quakers make their appearance in England; are persecuted, pleaded, fled.

In the third chapter, William Penn's persecutions are carried on, and in the fourth his great charter is obtained from King Charles II.

The fifth chapter gives us the following colloquy between the King and William Penn. The King said, "Well, friend William, you'll see in this paper what I have done something for you. Yes, man, I have given you there a territory in North America as large as my own island of Great Britain; and, knowing what a fighting family you are from it, I have named it after you and seas and bays and rivers, and mountains and forests, and populations; and now, in return for all this, I have but a few conditions to make with you. But still, I suppose, you have no thoughts of going thither yourself?

"Yes, I have," replied William Penn, "and I am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why man! what security have you that you'll not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied William Penn, calmly.

"I doubt that, friend William. I have no idea of any security against them cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you before hand that, with all my good will for you and your family (to whom I am under obligations), I'll not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered William, pleasantly. "I depend upon something better than thy soldiers."

The king wanted to know *what that* was.

"Why, I depend on themselves," replied William Penn, "on their own moral sense; even on that *grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which appeared unto all men.*"

"I fear, friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America.

"Thy not to them as well as to others?"

"If I had appeared to them, they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbously as they have done."

"That's no proof to the contrary, friend Charles! My subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on their best fish and venison and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the 'savages' as we call them, thy subjects, termed 'Christians,' seized on their country and on their hunting grounds for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses"

"Well then, I hope, friend William, you'll not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."

"I am not afraid of it."

"But how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose."

"Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them"

"No indeed! How then will you get their lands?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them."

"Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of the kings!

"Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy *good-will*, not that I thought that any king had any right to them."

"Zounds, man! No right to their lands?"

"No, friend Charles, no right at all. What right hast thou to their lands?"

"Why, by virtue of discovery,—the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of *discovery*," replied William Penn, half smiling,—"a strange kind of right, indeed! Now suppose, friend Charles, some canoe loads of these indians, "crossing the seas to look about for themselves and see what is to be possible for them to see of the workings of our Plain" republican life. It will be a short education to them, and will doubtless strengthen those republican sentiments, which are so steadily making headway in France.

☞ It is understood that a delegation of workingmen is to be sent over by the government of France to our Centennial Exhibition, the bookbinders for themselves and such others as possible for them to see of the workings of our "plain" republican life. It will be a short education to them, and will doubtless strengthen those republican sentiments, which are so steadily making headway in France.

☞ Winslow, the forger, is reported to have said that if he were released by the British Government, he would hurry home and "make it hot" for some people in Boston. Now let him come tired of remaining in the "tight little isle" as its ruler.

— As the time approaches for the inauguration of the Centennial at Philadelphia, it becomes perfectly apparent that the design is on a grand scale, and entirely worthy of the national reputation.

— The inclination of the people to hold on to the silver coin issued has made it necessary to try another mode of putting it in circulation.

— The Pope continues to enjoy good health, notwithstanding adverse reports.

— Gen. Banks has introduced to the notice of Congress an entirely new plan for establishing "a stable paper currency."

— The St. Lawrence River is now about clear of ice.

— The Hartford *Times* criticises Grace Greenwood's husband rather freely, and predicts even more so.

— Bunting has gone up a hundred per cent., it is said, which is lucky for those who are engaged in its manufacture.

— In England, where the rink and spelling-bee epidemic prevails, they have got to calling it the "foot-and-mouth disease."

Burney Williams, the deceased Irish actor, had a crowd of friends and admirers at his funeral in New York, besides no end of flowers.

— Five hundred miles of seacoast is what Texas claims to have.

— Cuba owes twice her yearly revenue, which is another illustration of the cart before the horse.

— Among the Centennial jurors we are glad to recognize Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel).

— The white hat is to be seen bobbing around about these days.

— May day was a characteristic one—bright and blustering.

☞ Ex-Minister Schenck has been caught in a falsehood, according to the reports, in his testimony on the Emma Mine business before the Committee of Congress. A certain document was shown him, bearing his own handwriting between the lines, which he had previously contradicted, as to the fact it contained, as untrue. He was purple with rage, but anger explains matters in only one way in these times.

☞ The great Sale of Jordan, Marsh & Co. is now in its 15th week of success, and the offers made to the ladies in the line of Black, Colored and Fancy Silks are too tempting to be withstood. The firm affix the prices to the different qualities in another column. The brilliant list invites careful inspection. The bargains that have been sent out by this great dry goods house are the best possible proof of the satisfaction of the people with what they bring away.

☞ In these days of tramps and burglars it is unwise to keep Bonds or other Securities in dwelling houses. The Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Co., whose card appears in this issue, charges only two dollars per thousand for the safe keeping of Coupon Bonds one year, and one dollar per thousand for registered Bonds or other Securities which do not pass by delivery. Besides, the Company has small safes to

ALBANY MARKET.

The market was fairly active throughout the ...ood attendance of buyers and a very lib... ...ial dealers from New York greatly aided ... of the week, they having purchased ... ...0 head, and it also reminded us of old ... prediction made soon after the opening ... that West Albany would, before many ... be its former active head business like ... market days.

...gh prices Cattle sold, nor were there ... ...y. H. Monroe had a fine bunch of Illinois ... nearly 1,500 lbs, for which he would ... ...or want of a buyer they were sent for... ...best price realized was 6¢, which was ... for steers averaging about 1,250 lbs. ...ally wanted low priced Cattle, for ... ...ing most sought after and more readily ...ther class. Cattle were sold at a much ... those weighing from 1,100 to 1,200 lbs ... attention. There was a fair demand ... sales of a few hundred head at prices ...¢@ 4¢ lb. There was not enough ... reserved to establish a market.

The following are the receipts of the ..., taken from the Central Railroad reg...

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
.....	80	6	30
.....	68	9	15
.....	124	6	11
.....	133	27	16
.....	81	11	7
.....	69	4	7
.....	1	5	13
.....	—	—	—
.....	546	61	69

...e approximate statement of the re... ...ket by rail for the week ending ... ...ne, estimating Cattle 17 head to the ...d 100 lbs.

	This week.	Last week.	Totals since January 1.
...s	8,177		106,000
...s	2,500		74,000
...s	81,00		187,700

...table of comparative value to corre... ...ain ruling of the market this week:

	This week.	Last week.
...	$ @ $	$ @ $
...	6 00 @ 6 12	6 12 @ 6 25
...	5 50 @ 5 87	5 80 @ 6 00
...	5 00 @ 5 75	5 50 @ 5 75
...	4 00 @ 4 75	4 00 @ 5 00
...	2 50 @ 4 00	2 50 @ 4 00

...With increased receipts, the market ... but few buyers, and those only inqui... ...enty were sold, embracing a few extra ... to fair. $45 @ $60 00, and ...00, which is about the ruling prices at ...

...The supply is much larger than last ... required. Even at a reduction of ... week's prices, only a small number ... the greater number having been for... ...n and New York. Those sold were ... @ lb, live weight.

...— Though the supply has been lib... ...moderate, the trade slow, the market ...ronger but not quotably higher than ...ots as the ruling for the week. Coop... ...Native, and choice to extra, 7¢@ ... fowls.

CATTLE MARKET,

...he market showed some little activity ... the pens, but it was generally dull ... and prices were a shade off on all ... taken into consideration. In this ... show some improvement as com... ...'s receipts, there being better top ...this week.

...Cattle ranged as follows: Best ... 00; thin and ordinary steers, $4 00 ... medium or good fairquality, $4 50 ... thin steers, oxen and cows $3 75@ ... lowest grades, $2 00@3 00.

...market this week $6 00; extreme ... 75@6 00. Most of the sales were ... @ 100 lbs.

...e number left over from last week ... of weights for the market has been over ... have been very dull, with a further ... last week of nearly, if not quite ½¢ ... ½¢ were sold at last week's ... a high-lit larger number which have ... top quotation, 11c, and from that ... sales can be made on corn fed hogs, ... @ 10½c.

...The quality of the receipts this ...rably with last week's offerings, ... some common Sheep among the ... will represented, ...erally as good as last week. ... their stock, united (as it has been) to ... basis of our Sheep markets. There ... and for good fat Lambs at $3 00@ ... Sheep at 4½@5, and a few ... Baltimore Sun.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

...The Cattle market was dull this ... Receipts rather lower; 3000 head ... @6 2 @6 6c. extra Pennsylvania ... @5 @6 @ for fair to good, and at ... @4 @5 @ for poor. Sheep were ... and sold at 5½@6 @ lb @ 100 lbs ... and 6@6 12 @ 100 lbs ...

CHICAGO MARKET.

...Very few sales; prices almost nomi... ...; shipments, 3000 head. Hogs.— ...and lower; sales at $7 00 @7 90, closing weak; shipments ...quiet and neglected at $4 30@6 25.

WOOL MARKET.

...The Boston Commercial Bulletin has ...an Wisconsin fleeces at 35@38c; ...ced at 35@38c @ lb, as to quality, ...ean fleeces are quiet ...ited for; California wool has been ...at 19@20c for spring and longdie for ...

BUILDING MATERIALS.

...ar cargoes Lime so far this month, al... ...moved out of the market, is a fair ... of cargoes clear and to ... ...ble. First quality hair is dull at 14@ ...dy. Eastern cargoes hard asking ...

LATHS AND SHINGLES.

...ine and Shingles is quiet and steady. ...prime stock only. We quote:

...	$ 6 00 @$13 00
...	1 30 @ 1 50
...erings	7 00 @ 10 00
...	4 00 @ 8 00
...	75 @ 1 25
...	— @ —
...	— @ —
...	— @ —
...	— @ —
...	8 @ 9
...	75 @ 90
...	20 @ 25

Advertisements.

CENTENNIAL.

THE NEW ROUTE

...BETWEEN

...adelphia, Baltimore & Washington,

CHANGE OF CARS,

...w England, N. P. & P. and New ... & Hartford Railroads.

STEAMER MARYLAND

...m River and Jersey City;

...iphia, Wilmington & Baltimore ...e & Potomac Railroads.

...ce Drawing-Room Cars ...ht Sitting Cars.

Monday, May 8, 1876.

...leave the New York & New Eng... ...ot of Summer street, Boston, each ...

...

...

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE---BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1876.

The Poet's Corner.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

I saw her blue eyes sparkle as his step,
So like a lover's, neared the open door;
I saw the glad joy mount her girlish cheek,
And then a light step crossed the sunlit floor.
Ah, happy bride!
Blest, doubly blest, in love's first rosy tide.

She was not beautiful; yet, when her heart,
Like a fresh fountain, sparkling in the morn,
Threw up its crystal streams and laved her face
That blushed, like flowers of dew and star-light born,
You would have smiled,
And said how sweetly love becomes the child.

It was a joy to see how her fond eye
Still followed his and drank each whispered word,—
How his glad tones woke her young spirit-chords,
Like a sweet harp by gentlest breezes stirred.
Ah, joyous life!
So loved, so blest, thou child-bride, and thou wife.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY E. L. TURNER.

Only a week before had Mr. Burrows been a strong healthy man, actively engaged in his store, (which though established but a few weeks, gave a good promise of success) and entertaining his customers with many a joke and anecdote. Now, he lay on his bed a dying man. A fall from a horse, as he was riding into the country on business, had inflicted the severe internal injuries, from which there was no hope of his recovery. His mind was quite clear to the last, and the day before his death, he called his eldest son, then a lad of eighteen to him, 'John said he, I wish to speak to you about the future.'

John said nothing, not even a word to show his sorrow at the sad event so soon to happen, for he was one of those, who the more deeply they feel, the less they are able to express those feelings in words.

"Now, continued Mr. Burrows, as you know, I have spent all my little capital in buying goods for the store, and the last stock of silks and ribbons, I have only on commission; they must be paid for as soon as possible. Now John, you are but a boy, but boys can do great things when they try, and I want you to promise me that you will take upon yourself the support of your mother, sisters and little brother. You are inexperienced in business and will find it often a hard matter, but I believe the store will be a success, and to my thinking, you have plenty of book learning to last you your lifetime. Give me your hand upon it and promise me that you will never desert your family.'

'I promise,' said John solemnly, taking his father's hand firmly in his own.

And then Mr. Burrows went on to inform his son of some of the more intricate details of business, to which the boy listened reverently and with deep attention, and nobody could have guessed but that all these plans were in strict accordance with his own tastes and wishes.

A few more weary days and the mortal remains of Mr. Burrows were laid to rest in the cemetery, and John took his place in his store. On that evening, his mother who had hitherto been too much overcome to discuss plans, began to weep and bemoan at the probable ides of having to go to the poorhouse, for as she said, 'as it was all we could do before to make both ends meet, it was scarcely any use trying now, and we might as well give up now as any time.'

'Mother,' said John briefly, 'I have promised that I will support you all, and by God's help, I will keep my word.' Mrs. Burrows looked up in stupid wonderment.

'Thou'rt a good boy John, and I know thee will do thy best, but it will be hard work,' said she, speaking in her old country dialect. John made no reply, but taking up his hat he went out of the house and down the road, till he came to a little white cottage nearly covered with roses, while daintily kept flower beds filled the garden. The sound of a sweet girlish voice singing to a guitar, came from the window, and John knew how to find his way to the room where the singer was. She was a pretty girl, with clear complexion and dark curling hair, and she colored with pleasure as the youth entered. This may have seemed surprising, for certainly John had no pretensions to good looks or polished manner, being tall, broad shouldered and with plain features and red hair; moreover, his boots were sel dom blacked and his coat was generally dusty. Nevertheless, Mrs. May often told her Mary, that she firmly believed that she would rather wait and marry John Burrows when he was old enough, than take the best man in the town at once.

'Well Mary,' said he, sitting down unceremoniously by her side as soon as he entered the room, 'how are you?'

'I am pretty well,' Mary replied, 'only I have been so sorry for you, you do not know how I have sympathized with you in this terrible sorrow.'

'I know it Mary, and that has helped me to bear it all. But things are very black at present, and I came to say that I must give up taking any more drawing lessons for a while.

'Why John, what do you mean?'

'In the first place I have no money to spare, and in the second no time.'

'Nonsense, what are two afternoons a week, as to time and as to the money; why if it is the expense of the buggy you are thinking of, I can pay that myself.'

'No, no, Mary; that is out of the question. No, I must give up all these luxuries, and devote myself to work.'

'You entirely forget my feelings, apparently, John,' said Mary, with a pout, 'remember the agreement was that you should drive me over to Knoxville every lesson day, and that I should pay for the lessons. I am sure that was a fair arrangement, and I think you are very shabby to back out of your part of the bargain.'

'I am very sorry.'

'Ah, well, it does not matter; there are Phil Raymond and Digby Moulton, and I dare say plenty of others who would be only too glad of the chance of taking me.'

'Mary, you will see some day that I am not to blame for this.'

'Who said there was any blame? I suppose every one has a right to please himself, and if you have got tired of driving me, you are quite at liberty to leave off. Only I think you had better speak out the true reason, instead of pretending to this sudden want of money.'

'Mary, you are unjust and unreasonable, and as you want the truth, I will tell you that on my father's death I have discovered what I never suspected before, that he owed enough to more than swallow up the value of all the goods in the store. Then I have taken upon myself the support of my mother and the family, which I can forsee will be no child's play.'

Mary's expression altered considerably as John, usually so taciturn, made this statement. 'John, I have wronged you,' said she, frankly, giving him her hand, 'and I ask you pardon; what shall I do to show you I am sorry?'

'You can promise me that as soon as I can make a home you will come and be my wife. Oh, Mary, you do not know with how much more courage I should commence work if I thought that you could give me this object to strive for.'

'Why John,' cried Mary, with a nervous laugh, 'you are only eighteen, and making love! You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

'I don't see that it matters whether I am eighteen or eight-and-twenty. My feelings are not given to change, say that I may but hope?'

'I cannot deny you that pleasure at any rate,' was the reply, and after some more talk upon the same key-note, John left the house with a brave heart, feeling that though a great work was before him, he had courage to undertake it.

Ten years had passed, and the youth had changed to a man and his work still went on. Two of John's sisters were married and therefore no longer dependent on him, but then Frank, his young brother, was a bright, intelligent boy of seventeen, and he had resolved to give him a college education, so that he could follow the bent of his inclination, and become a lawyer. His father's debts were now all paid off, so that this additional expense might be afforded without injury to others.

John himself, was quietly studying law in the evenings and at all odd moments, but he wanted his brother to do better than himself, who had never received any but a free school education.

He had made up his mind on this point, but there was something else which troubled him. During these ten years his visits had been constantly paid to Mary May, and indeed they were the only luxuries with which he treated himself, but the prospect of marriage seemed as far off as ever. Now he pondered, was he doing right to keep her waiting thus? He would probably always have his mother and two sisters to support, and for several years his brother also, and it might be another ten years ere he could give a home to Mary. Her constancy to him so far had been wonderful, but he felt it was not honorable in him to test it further. Therefore, though it was like piercing himself with knifes, he determined to go to her at once.

She was busily employed on some water-color painting as he entered, and as he stooped to examine it, he thought of how much good the companionship of one so refined in her tastes, had done him. What would painting, music, poetry, and even the beauties of nature have been to him without her? Through her they became most sweet additions to his happiness. These years had been as beneficial to Mary as to himself, for what girl can help being better for the companionship of a true, honest, manly nature?

'Mary,' said he, after a long pause, it is now ten years since you promised to be mine.'

'Yes, John,' replied she smiling, 'that seems a long time to look back upon, does it not? Though really the years have passed very quickly.'

'But, Mary, did it never occur to you that perhaps I might never be able to marry?'

'I have been quite content to wait.'

'Yes, indeed, you have been a marvel of constancy, but I am afraid it will never be rewarded. This going to college of Frank's will take everything that can be scraped together for the next four or five years, and as I don't suppose either Jane or Susan will ever marry, they and my mother must be dependent on me, and I cannot see how it is possible ever to marry.'

'It is a pity you had not thought of it sooner. However, you may be sure that I am willing to dissolve our engagement,' and quickly slipping off her finger the little ring that her lover had given her, Mary swept proudly from the room. Longing, yet not daring to call her back, poor John sat silent and stupified. All was so different from what he had expected. She ought to have known what a terrible struggle he was making in thus giving her up, instead of concluding that he wished to be rid of her. And then he began blaming himself for his awkwardness and lamenting grievously his want of the little refinements of manner, and then came a brief feeling of indignation against his father, who had compelled him to wear all his youth away toiling under a load so heavy a cross. But he soon checked these feelings. 'I am doing my duty and that is all I must think of,' he reflected, and then leaving forever the home of Mary May, he went back to his weary round of store keeping and law studies. All the struggles and trials of John Burrows would be too long a story, to say that he became a prosperous lawyer in middle age, his studies having been to so much purpose, and his younger brother who was to have done such great things, is serving him as a clerk. John can see no fault in Frank, and frequently laments that he has not the softness of manner belonging to him, but in the whole city there is no one who speaks against him. He is allowed to be rough and often eccentric in his ways, but people marvel at his refined tastes and intense love of the beautiful, and call him a strange mixture. Few, however, will ever know the true beauty of the character of this 'rough diamond,' or how faithfully and unselfishly he has fulfilled the promise made to his dying father. Neither he nor Mary May have ever married, and may we not reasonably hope that now that things are so much brighter, they may meet again and all clouds pass from their lives?

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

There is a curious superstition about the spilling of salt. It is supposed to have come from the East, where, to have partaken of an Arab's 'bread and salt,' is regarded as assuring the person who partakes thereof not alone of hospitality, but of personal safety.

In Byron's 'Corsair,' one of his earliest and best poems, Conrad, a pirate and hero of the tale, is made to head an attack, in the Bay of Coron, upon a Turkish pasha named Seyd. He visits that personage, and is disguised in the garb of a dervise, fresh from the pirate's den, and pretends to be very devout, observative, his design all the time being to act as a spy on the pasha's own position, force, and vulnerable parts.

The pretended dervise, who claims that he has escaped from an enforced detention on the pirat-'s island, is offered food, which he refuses, and the pasha asks:—

"Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight."

In the north of Scotland, among the Highlanders—a rough-and-ready race, who are very hospitable, as far as their limited means permit— it is held unlucky to help any one at table to salt. The hand will be pushed back; for the Highland thought, rudely expressed in rhyme, is:—

"Help me to salt,
Help me to *sorrow*."

The common belief is that it is unlucky to spill the salt, but that the luck can be changed by taking up a pinch of the salt and throwing it over the left shoulder. To spill salt on Friday is considered especially unlucky. In the poems of John Gay, a poet not much read at present, there is this couplet:—

"The salt is spilt; to you it fell,
I hope our Cornish friends are well."

In general, salt-spoons are not in ordinary use in Italy, except in the hotels in large cities, and among wealthy or noble persons—consequently, in making one's self, the salt is often dropped, but this is thought nothing of there. To spill a drop of oil, however, is regarded as an omen of the worst import. On the other hand, to spill wine provokes merriment there—the joke being that it had been caused by the unsteadiness of the hand and head, arising from having taken a cup too much.

Apropos of superstitions of the table, let me mention (in reply to some requests) all that I have been able to collect concerning the common idea that it is unlucky for thirteen persons to sit down together at a meal, because one of the thirteen would certainly die within the next twelve months.

The belief that "thirteen is an unlucky number," has been traced back to a variety of causes. Lord Lyttleton, who has made considerable research into these matters, refers the ill luck of "thirteen at table" to the Last Supper of our Lord, at which that number sat down. Sometimes it is confined to sitting down together on Friday; but there is no warrant for this, as the Last Supper was on the fifth, not the sixth day of the week.

The Germans derive the superstition from the Norse or Northern mythology. Of the gods who sat down to the feast with Loki, in the Walhalla, Baldur had to die—because he was the thirteenth.

In Santaig, the principal seaport, and one of the oldest cities in Prussia, there is a curious clock, which at twelve admits through the door little effigies of Christ and the eleven, shutting out Judas, the betrayer, who is the thirteenth. He, however, is admitted at one o'clock.

The Romans regarded thirteen as an unlucky number. That the modern Italians and the Russians have the same prejudices (which are general even among the middle classes in the British islands) is evidenced by a couple of entries in the diary of Thomas Moore, the poet. He jotted down notes of the conversation at a dinner party given by the Marquis of Lansdowne at Bowood, his seat in Wiltshire, in October, 1818. There were several of the nobility present, male and female, and Moore, who "loved a lord," as Byron emphatically informed Leigh Hunt, evidently was in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. The unlucky number of thirteen was talked about, and Moore told an anecdote of Madame Catalina, who, perceiving thirteen persons at dinner in her own house, sent a French countess (who lived with her as a companion) up stairs to remedy the ill; but soon after, another person coming in, the pour countess was brought down again.

Lord Lansdowne capped this story by saying he had once dined abroad, with Count Orloff, the Russian statesman, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking from chair to chair.

It came out afterward that there were twelve at table, and that some of these, he knew, would instantly rise if they perceived the number thirteen, which Count Orloff would have made by sitting down himself.

Philosophically considered, there is something in this prejudice against thirteen at a table. The rate of mortality varies, of course, with the ages of individuals. Of thirteen persons of different ages, anywhere assembled, there must always be a probability that one at least will die within one year. This is also true of twelve, but the probability is diminished, and so on of every number.

If one were to write down the names of thirteen of our friends at random, it is probable that one of them would die. By avoiding thirteen at dinner, or anywhere else, we do not avoid the claim of King Death, according to his known rules and regulations.

Another popular belief, originating in the old, but brought over by immigration to the new world, is connected with horse-shoes. It is considered very lucky to find a horse-shoe on the highway, and, when found, the usual procedure following is to nail it over the door of the dwelling. In that case, the witches and the fairies are prevented from getting in, it is popularly believed.

If a second shoe be found, that one is nailed ever or upon the new cow-house door, it being alleged, and credited in some localities, that this prevents the entrance of "the wild horse." What that creature may be, I was never able to ascertain. John Gay, the poet, alludes to this nailing in the line—

"The horse-shoe's nailed, each threshold's guard!"

In Germany, even in the cities, horse-shoes are nailed on the thresholds of houses to protect them and their inhabitants from witchcraft. In that country, too, it is quaintly said, when a lass has misconducted herself, that "she has lost a shoe"—a horse-shoe being meant.

Those who have enjoyed the late Samuel Lover's very amusing Irish songs, may remember that Rory O'More, when he insists on taking an extra kiss, additional to those which the unconscionable rascal has already inflicted on or obtained from Kathleen Bawn, his sweetheart, answers her gentle remonstrance, "Sure it's eight times to-day you have kissed me before," with taking the ninth, "For there's luck in odd numbers, said Rory O'More."

The Romans held an even number to be unlucky, because, since it could be divided equally, it was the emblem of death and dissolution.

The care with which the Romans avoided even numbers was curious. The year of Numa Pompilius, which was retained until Julius Cæsar remodeled the calendar, was made to consist of 355 days, though the moon in twelve lunations, appears to complete but 354, and the month of February, of 28 days, was divided into 23, with five supernumerary ones. Thus the even numbers were avoided.

Christians early acknowledged the Trinity. The seventh day was ordered to be kept holy. The critical years of a man's life are expressed by a multiple of seven. A child's first teeth fall out when he is about seven; making in thus giving her up, instead of concluding that he wished to be rid of her. And then he began blaming himself for his awkwardness and lamenting grievously his want of the little refinements of manner, and then came a brief feeling of indignation against his father, who had compelled him to wear all his youth away toiling under a load so heavy a cross. But he soon checked these feelings. 'I am doing my duty and that is all I must think of,' he reflected, and then leaving forever the home of Mary May, he went back to his weary round of store keeping and law studies. All the struggles and trials of John Burrows would be too long a story, to say that he became a prosperous lawyer in middle age, his studies having been to so much purpose, and his younger brother who was to have done such great things, is serving him as a clerk. John can see no fault in Frank, and frequently laments that he has not the softness of manner belonging to him, but in the whole city there is no one who speaks against him. He is allowed to be rough and often eccentric in his ways, but people marvel at his refined tastes and intense love of the beautiful, and call him a strange mixture. Few, however, will ever know the true beauty of the character of this 'rough diamond,' or how faithfully and unselfishly he has fulfilled the promise made to his dying father. Neither he nor Mary May have ever married, and may we not reasonably hope that now that things are so much brighter, they may meet again and all clouds pass from their lives?

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

There is a curious superstition about the spilling of salt. It is supposed to have come from the East, where, to have partaken of an Arab's 'bread and salt,' is regarded as assuring the person who partakes thereof not alone of hospitality, but of personal safety.

In Byron's 'Corsair,' one of his earliest and best poems, Conrad, a pirate and hero of the tale, is made to head an attack, in the Bay of Coron, upon a Turkish pasha named Seyd. He visits that personage, and is disguised in the garb of a dervise, fresh from the pirate's den, and pretends to be very devout, observative, his design all the time being to act as a spy on the pasha's own position, force, and vulnerable parts.

The pretended dervise, who claims that he has escaped from an enforced detention on the pirat-'s island, is offered food, which he refuses, and the pasha asks:—

"Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight."

In the north of Scotland, among the Highlanders—a rough-and-ready race, who are very hospitable, as far as their limited means permit— it is held unlucky to help any one at table to salt. The hand will be pushed back; for the Highland thought, rudely expressed in rhyme, is:—

"Help me to salt,
Help me to *sorrow*."

The common belief is that it is unlucky to spill the salt, but that the luck can be changed by taking up a pinch of the salt and throwing it over the left shoulder. To spill salt on Friday is considered especially unlucky. In the poems of John Gay, a poet not much read at present, there is this couplet:—

"The salt is spilt; to you it fell,
I hope our Cornish friends are well."

In general, salt-spoons are not in ordinary use in Italy, except in the hotels in large cities, and among wealthy or noble persons—consequently, in making one's self, the salt is often dropped, but this is thought nothing of there. To spill a drop of oil, however, is regarded as an omen of the worst import. On the other hand, to spill wine provokes merriment there—the joke being that it had been caused by the unsteadiness of the hand and head, arising from having taken a cup too much.

Apropos of superstitions of the table, let me mention (in reply to some requests) all that I have been able to collect concerning the common idea that it is unlucky for thirteen persons to sit down together at a meal, because one of the thirteen would certainly die within the next twelve months.

The belief that "thirteen is an unlucky number," has been traced back to a variety of causes. Lord Lyttleton, who has made considerable research into these matters, refers the ill luck of "thirteen at table" to the Last Supper of our Lord, at which that number sat down. Sometimes it is confined to sitting down together on Friday; but there is no warrant for this, as the Last Supper was on the fifth, not the sixth day of the week.

The Germans derive the superstition from the Norse or Northern mythology. Of the gods who sat down to the feast with Loki, in the Walhalla, Baldur had to die—because he was the thirteenth.

In Santaig, the principal seaport, and one of the oldest cities in Prussia, there is a curious clock, which at twelve admits through the door little effigies of Christ and the eleven, shutting out Judas, the betrayer, who is the thirteenth. He, however, is admitted at one o'clock.

The Romans regarded thirteen as an unlucky number. That the modern Italians and the Russians have the same prejudices (which are general even among the middle classes in the British islands) is evidenced by a couple of entries in the diary of Thomas Moore, the poet. He jotted down notes of the conversation at a dinner party given by the Marquis of Lansdowne at Bowood, his seat in Wiltshire, in October, 1818. There were several of the nobility present, male and female, and Moore, who "loved a lord," as Byron emphatically informed Leigh Hunt, evidently was in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. The unlucky number of thirteen was talked about, and Moore told an anecdote of Madame Catalina, who, perceiving thirteen persons at dinner in her own house, sent a French countess (who lived with her as a companion) up stairs to remedy the ill; but soon after, another person coming in, the pour countess was brought down again.

Lord Lansdowne capped this story by saying he had once dined abroad, with Count Orloff, the Russian statesman, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking from chair to chair.

It came out afterward that there were twelve at table, and that some of these, he knew, would instantly rise if they perceived the number thirteen, which Count Orloff would have made by sitting down himself.

Philosophically considered, there is something in this prejudice against thirteen at a table. The rate of mortality varies, of course, with the ages of individuals. Of thirteen persons of different ages, anywhere assembled, there must always be a probability that one at least will die within one year. This is also true of twelve, but the probability is diminished, and so on of every number.

If one were to write down the names of thirteen of our friends at random, it is probable that one of them would die. By avoiding thirteen at dinner, or anywhere else, we do not avoid the claim of King Death, according to his known rules and regulations.

Another popular belief, originating in the old, but brought over by immigration to the new world, is connected with horse-shoes. It is considered very lucky to find a horse-

'But I am not joking. I'll never see you again.'

'No more am I joking, so good-by.'

'Good-by'—and off he went.

CHAPTER II.

He kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jennie wanted him, she might send for him, or get her sister to invite him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to wax low.

'If she'd cared a dump about me, she'd have got in my way somehow before this—trust a woman,' he thought.

The idea of not being cared for, even to the extent of a dump, was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly by the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jennie. He walked on in a brown study, and went deliberately by the shop, with only one eye however turned in its direction, but not a sign of Jennie. He went on to the barrack in a dejected frame of mind.

'It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service, and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, and all along of that Captain McGee, too. And the fruit in the garden (of the cottage) all ripe, and no one to pick it.'

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

'Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare,' she said, but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was miserable.

'She can't care a rush for me,' he thought, and marched all over the town, and nearly to Greenwich and back, in his exuitement.

The next day was a lucky day for John. He came across Bibba. Bibba was Mrs. Evans's eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

'Bibbs,' said John Weare, 'come and have some fruit,' and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage, and stuffed him with gooseberries till he couldn't move, and with black currants till his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside, and stood him on the table, and sat down before him.

'How old are you, Bibbs?'

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question.

'Five and a half. Is that you sword in there?'

'Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibba?'

Now he knew that Jennie had given them to him, but he so wanted to hear her name.

'Auntie. She's going away soon,' he added. 'Let me look at your sword now.'

'Where is she going to?' he asked in consternation.

'Devonshire. Do let me try on your sword.'

'Why is she going?' he asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

'She's ill, I think; and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over the silver thing you gave her, and kissing it like anything.'

The 'silver thing' was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charlton Fair last October, and timidly requested her to accept it.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back all over the place, and entreated him to have more black currants, in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

'Aunt Jennie's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night.'

So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she! John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white woolly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed.

'It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service, and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, and all along of that Captain McGee, too. And the fruit in the garden (of the cottage) all ripe, and no one to pick it.'

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

'Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare,' she said, but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was miserable.

'She can't care a rush for me,' he thought, and marched all over the town, and nearly to Greenwich and back, in his exuitement.

The next day was a lucky day for John. He came across Bibba. Bibba was Mrs. Evans's eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

'Bibbs,' said John Weare, 'come and have some fruit,' and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage, and stuffed him with gooseberries till he couldn't move, and with black currants till his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside, and stood him on the table, and sat down before him.

'How old are you, Bibbs?'

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question.

'Five and a half. Is that you sword in there?'

'Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibba?'

Now he knew that Jennie had given them to him, but he so wanted to hear her name.

'Auntie. She's going away soon,' he added. 'Let me look at your sword now.'

'Where is she going to?' he asked in consternation.

'Devonshire. Do let me try on your sword.'

'Why is she going?' he asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

'She's ill, I think; and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over the silver thing you gave her, and kissing it like anything.'

The 'silver thing' was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charlton Fair last October, and timidly requested her to accept it.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back all over the place, and entreated him to have more black currants, in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

'Aunt Jennie's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night.'

So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she! John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white woolly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed.

And he went and Jennie met him, and pouted, and declared she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down, and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared that he had been a heartless brute; and then Jennie contradicted, him, and said it was all her fault, and told him how Mrs. Dulop the colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her in the kindest possible manner, that she was spoiling her sister's business, for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare kept away on account of Jennie's flirting propensities, which filled up the shop with idle officers who were always in the way: and how she had been so ashamed and wretched, and so cut up at the desertion of John Weare, that she had determined to go back to Devonshire.

'But you won't now?' he said, as they learned over the stile leading to the Eltham fields. 'You'll get ready at once, and we'll be married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoilt?'

It took a long time for him to talk her into it (about three-quarters of an hour), but then she was very happy at heart, and chattered like a young magpie, and told John how she had snubbed Captain McGee, and had thrown all his flowers out of the window.

'And it really was all through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night?' she asked.

'Certainly.'

'Why, but for him I might never have seen you again.'

'Perhaps not.'

'I'll give Bibbs a regular hug when I get home,' she thought. And she did; and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking-horse, which he delights in to this day.

A PRAYER.

O Lord, forgive me, for I trust
Entirely to Thee,
What I have done and said and thought,
All my perversity.

O keep me, in temptation's hour,
From every shameful sin,
Dear God, without thy loving aid
No soul can enter in.

Sin is so strong, and we are weak,
And I have faithless grown,
O Lord, in my extreme distress,
I cling to thee alone.
—From the Provencal.

LOSING THEM BOTH.

The dearest little rosebud of a girl, with cheeks where a pink flush came and went, and blue eyes, with long, golden-brown lashes, and hair that waved without the aid of pins or irons. I always thought her name was the most suitable that could have been chosen for her, though the only wonder is that old Father Budd did not name his only daughter Deborah, or Rebecca, or Sarah Jane.

Rosanna had fortunately been her father's grandmother's name, however, and so came a Rose Budd into the world; for Mrs. Budd had made the Anna a middle name instead of part of the first, and dropped it.

When I began to like Rose Budd so much that I seriously thought of proposing to her, Hiram Roper liked her too. He was five years older than I, a plain man of twenty-nine, with faint scars on his face, and a bald spot on the middle of his head. A poor man, studying medicine late in life, because he had not been able to study in his youth, only hoping for his diploma in a year, with the practice all in the future; and I, at twenty-four, had the Moswood estate for my own, and money enough to live on comfortably. There could be no comparison drawn between us I fondly hoped, that would not be favorable to me; and I coolly, though politely, took my place before him, and cut him out on all occasions with Rosebud. I young and rich and handsome, and as I supposed, elegantly dressed; he, plain, poor and shabby, looking ten years older than he really was. What chance had he against me?

And so he slipped quietly into the background and I made love to Rosebud, and one day kissed her on the cheek, and told her life would not be worth having to me if I could not win her; and she said nothing, but out-blushed all the roses, and let me kiss her again. After that we walked bodily arm-in-arm through the village, and friends teased me, and the other beaux dropped away, and one day I gave her a ring to wear on her left-hand forefinger.

Two weeks from that day I went to London on business. I intended to stay a week, but I was so successful that I remained longer; finally I went into business in the city, and began to know people. I visited at the houses of wealthy merchants, and met their wives and daughters, and by degrees began to understand that, though my Rosebud was very fair and sweet, she was not a hot-house flower. In other words, her dress was not like the dress of a fashionable belle; her manners were homespun, her education poor. She was very good—excessively good, but not an elegant lady. Then, too, she sent me notes in big buff envelopes, and used little 'I's' for the personal pronoun, which should have been honored by the capital 'I.'

And Farmer Budd, with his uncouth coats and wonderful hats and long straggling beard and hair was not the sort of father-in-law that I should admire; and there was Miss Hannover. Perhaps that fact was the most powerful one of all the workings of my disenchantment; for Miss Hannover was beautiful, all millinery and upholstery; and Papa Hannover was called Prince Hannover by his friends, and had his dinner table set for forty every day, and wore a fortune in diamonds on his bosom, and made friends wherever he went by his lavish gifts, and was the greatest stock gambler in London.

Papa Hannover had smiled on me, and counselled me how to invest, and had dined me with his daily forty friends, and had said, 'Violette, love, this is Mr. Markham, one of those country gentlemen of whom we are trying to make city men.'

And Violetta had smiled radiantly upon me.

Since then how many tete-a-tetes had I not had with her—how many rides? I was learning to dance with her, and I had forgotten to write to Rosebud for two weeks. Then came an anxious little note on thin blue paper, beginning thus:

"Dear Henry—I take up my pen in hand much troubled in my mind regarding you I know you would write if you was not sick—O, Henry, if you are sick do tallygraff and let father come up and see you. Henry I will not write any more until I hear from you—I am too troubled in my mind. We are all well and in the hopes that you will enjoy the same blessings I remain "Yours truly, Rosa Budd.

"P. S.—Do let pa come if you are sick. I am so troubled in my mind."

I hastened to reply, the awful dread of Mr. Budd's fatherly care hanging over me, so to speak, by a single-hair. I wrote to Rose, but how? I shall not copy that cowardly letter here. When it was in the box I did try to fish it out again, but it was too late. It had gone, and its termination, 'Thanks, Miss Budd, for your friendly anxiety concerning my health; I am sure Mr. Budd does not share it,' was perhaps the worst of all the lines by which I told her, not in frank, honest words, but in a manner that no woman could fail to understand, that I did not choose to remember that we were betrothed.

After that no more letters in yellow envelopes came to trouble me, and I paid attention to Miss Hannover, and invested my money according to Hannover's advice. And days and weeks and months rolled by, and if a thought of my little Rosebud, fading because the sunlight of my love was withdrawn from it, crossed my mind, I drove it away with a sigh. I could not help it, I said; it was fate. Fate meant me for Miss Hannover, for Violette, and we had met—that was all. No, not quite all; one day I met Rosebud in the street, after a splendid ball, and I called on Violette, whose escort I had been the night before—one day I made this latter statement to Violette Hannover, and she, having heard it, bestowed on me her most aristocratic stare, and asked me if I did not know that she had been engaged to Mr. Twenty-plum for six long months.

'And he married next week, Mr. Markham,' added she. 'So you see you must be mistaken about fate.'

'And you have only been flirting with me?' I said, bitterly. 'Do you know that you gave me reason to hope everything from you?'

'I know it is time for me to dress for a drive,' she said. 'So you must say good-afternoon; and don't look so ridiculously tragic, Mr. Markham. I hate scenes.'

And I felt that I deserved it all, and I went for the last time down the steps of the Hannover mansion.

In a fortnight Violette was Mrs. Twenty-plum. In a month Mr. Hannover was a bankrupt—one of those who take a foreign trip with plenty of money in their pockets, while others lie crushed beneath the fragments of their fallen branches at home.

My money went with his. I had come to London with a moderate competence. I had increased it by speculations until I was absolutely wealthy. Now I found myself suddenly almost poor.

There remained to me only the Moswood property, which must be turned into a farm, and I myself must leave my hope of being one of the millionaires behind me, and become a plain farmer—a man of the same social status as Rosebud's father, without his comfortable knowledge of money in the bank to comfort me.

However, with the bursting of the bubble fortune, the circle which gathered around Hannover had been seemingly scattered to the winds, and people knew that Miss Violette had jilted me and also that my money was gone. The city had lost many of its charms, and I wrote to the old woman who had kept the house at Moswood for my father until his death, to make it ready for my return. Then selling the furniture of my bachelor rooms, and packing my smaller belongings in a few trunks, I started homeward.

I must go back to Moswood and become a farmer. I should find Rosebud fading gradually away, of course, and yet I knew she would be prettier than ever. How she had loved me—how ungrateful I had been for that love. Now I would make amends. I would write as many repentant letters as were necessary, and she would, of course, forgive me. No woman ever forgets or ceases to love any man she has ever loved, you know. Yes, after a little maidenly resistance, Rosebud would bloom for me again. I was sure of this as the train bore me onward, as I was that the moon would rise that night.

There is no adage more true than the one that declares that misfortunes never come alone, but always in troops. Often, of course, one brings the other. In my case, the anxieties that had heaped so thickly about me made me nervous, and so led to a severe accident.

Having alighted at a certain station, I delayed my return to the carriages until they had started, I remember running after them, and then—what do I remember then? Darkness, dreams, pain, an awakening in a little room, with white curtains, and a toilet table, and a vision charmingly dressed. The same one saying, slowly:

'Yes, yes, yes; I think he'll do.'

And understanding this was my old friend Hiram Roper, I asked:

'How did I come here?' trying to sit up, and failing in the attempt.

'Well,' said Hiram, 'wife and I were at the station, and I saw you were a good deal hurt, and we brought you on. You know this is my house.

'Yours?' said I. 'And you are married, and in good practice, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Roper. 'Oh, yes; getting on famously. And you've had a bad time, but you'll be right soon. Come and tell him he will, Rosebud.'

'And there—yes, there was Rose. After I had ruminated on the fact a few minutes, I felt that truth was stranger than fiction.

'Are you better, Mr. Markham?' said Rosebud, bending towards me.

Here was a poetical story, being worked out in our proper persons. A wounded and repentant hero, I had been sent back to Rosebud, to be nursed and forgiven. Had she not forgiven me, she never would have flown to my aid. All that I could do just then was to squeeze her hand.

She took it away rather quickly; but that was very natural; I had not seen her for three years. She did not know of my contrition. But she had not pined or faded; she was, on the contrary, stouter and rosier than ever.

Just then, Dr. Roper being present, I said nothing, but afterwards, as the evening shadows fell, she brought me tea and toast; and then I took her hand, and said:

'Dear Rosebud, how good of you.'

And she answered:

'O, dear, no—don't mention it.'

'You are an angel of forgiveness,' I said, 'and I—O, how always I loved you, Rosebud. 'Tis true, a siren laid her spells upon me, but the hallucination once over——'

'I shall think you are wandering again,' said she, 'if you do not stop talking. Do take your toast.'

'No,' said I, 'no, not a mouthful, Rosebud, until you assure me that you will forget the past, and once more give me the love——'

'Mr. Markham!' cried she.

'Call me Henry,' said I. 'Rose, if you had hated me, would you be here so kindly ministering to my wants?'

'Here?' said she. 'Where should I be but in my own house?' I'm sure I've nothing to forgive you, either. Since you allude to our flirtation of three years ago, and since you will talk of it, I will tell you, once for all, that I don't think we ever should have been happy together. And I always liked Hiram the best, only he was so shy. And my goodness, we were married as soon as he got his diploma.'

'Married!' cried I.

'Why, yes,' said Rosebud. 'How else should I be here? You know this is Dr. Roper's house? Didn't you know I was his wife before? Dear old fellow, he is—the best husband woman ever had, I'm sure—and, Mr. Markham, I know now that I never really loved you.'

I don't know whether that was true or not, but it did not matter. She did not love me then, and does not now; and I had lost her.

I live alone at Moswood now, an old bachelor, with a limp and the dyspepsia, and she and a bouquet of little blossoms flourish over the way at Dr. Ropers.

Some time, perhaps, *I* may marry, Miss Flint would have me, and so would the Widow Wiggins; but whatever I may gather to wear over my heart it will not be a rosebud. I threw that away long ago, and Roper picked it up, and it makes his life fragrant.

BIBBS: A LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

There was no doubt about it. John Weare was perfectly wretched that night. He had quarreled with Jennie Bell, and he wasn't going to make it up. The fact was, she gave herself too many airs, and he didn't mean to stand it any longer. He didn't care if she *was* pretty, that was no reason why she should let half-a-dozen fellows hang about the shop, or stroll in one at a time and, leaning on their elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter, cadets and officers too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own amusement, and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to the ball that was coming off next month. To be sure, he was only a common cavalry soldier, but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character and a good trade at his back, and moreover, his father had died not long since, and there was the cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she'd only be sensible. Jennie acted as shop